Dupl

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 49. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860. WHOLE NO. 1,037.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

ANTI-SLAVERY AGITATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE CASE OF THE REV. DANIEL WORTH.

From The Tribune Reporter.

ASHBORO, Randolph Co., N. C., April 7, 1860.

THE tranquil temper of North Carolina is not often disturbed. It is a State of few emotions—morally a comatose State. It might be not unfairly called a sort of enlarged sequestered spot among the neighboring commonwealths—fifty thousand square miles of stagnation; a secluded hermitage on an extensive scale, accommodating a recluse population of about a million, mostly innocent of the outer world and its vivacities. Unused for a long period to strong excitements, and recognizing no necessity for departure from its extended term of severe inactivity, North Carolina has hesitated even to join in the violent political agitations which, for the past few years, she alone of all her Southern sisterhood has failed to fully share.

Within five or six months, however, North Carolina has struggled into motion. The cause is that which is above all others powerful in Southern regions—the evidence of anti-slavery inroads among the people. All else failing, this has roused at last the dormant spirit. The voice of North Carolina is heard in the land. Proofs of energy and vigor, in one direction at least, arise. The discovery of Abolition vipers insidiously gnawing the very bosom of the State is followed by determined efforts at their extermination. The suspected are menaced, held in terror, or driven off. A process of rigid investigation begins. Where sentiments of opposition to the prevailing creed are distinctly detected, the law is let loose upon the offenders. And in every way, so far as this one point is concerned, the placidity of North Carolina has given place to an overflow of indignation which is expected to settle the question very speedily, and to remove at once all difficulties in the way of the peaceful progress of the Southern system.

The principal excitements are in the very centre of the State—in the Counties of Davidson, Randolph, Guilford, and others adjacent—where the operations of laborers in the anti-slavery cause have been most freely and effectively carried on. There is in these counties a considerable Quaker population, of whom the great majority, if not nearly all, earnestly favor the promulgation of the most liberal ideas upon the subject, and who continually aid, as far as they are able to without peril to themselves, the development of the largest anti-slavery principles. These movements are, for the most part, secretly pursued, the dangerous consequences of disclosure restraining any general open and undisguised action. At this time there is hardly any limit to the persecutions which the mildest advocate of free doctrines must look for. But, notwithstanding this, the work does go on, quietly, but with a certain steady success which those most nearly interested find no reason to complain of. And this is now understood by the people generally. "There are as mad abolitionists," said a tavern orator, a few nights ago, in the village of High Point, "in this county, and within a mile of us, as any in Massachusetts. There are a few respectable Quakers here, who, though their queer religion lets them have no nigger property, never seek to interfere with what we know to be right, and what they know to be no concern of theirs. But the mass are degenerate Quakers, Hickory Quakers we call them, with all the viciousness of their sect, and everything else that's bad, and they are the men who are going to have our throats cut, if we don't step in and get ahead of them." The readiness with which this opinion was agreed to showed that it was only the expression of the universal conviction; and the numerous dissertations on throat-cutting, in all its aspects, and variously applied, which immediately began, were certainly not of a nature to carry comfort to the soul of any drab-suited gentleman that might have overheard them.

Although the anti-slavery movements are mainly conducted with great caution, yet there are a few earnest workers who, more daring, and less disposed to calculate consequences, adopt a course quite in defiance of universal prejudices. Foremost among these is the Rev. Daniel Worth, a Methodist minister, a man distinguished no less for his unyielding courage than for the zeal with which he has, for the last twenty years, given his strength and eloquence to the cause of negro emancipation. Although always avoiding communication with slaves themselves, believing that not by their agency, but by that of the whites, the end he looks for must be accomplished, he has not failed to put forward his sentiments boldly and without concealment, whenever he has judged that good might result therefrom. It appears from the statements of his antagonists here that the "worthier members" of his family—he is himself a native of North Carolina—gave themselves over to deep grief on account of the errors of his ways; and some time ago, as a punishment for his persistence in wrong, formally repudiated him, and renounced all ties of relationship with him. It does not appear, however, that this cessation of consanguinity brought Mr. Worth a single step nearer to repentance, but that, on the contrary, he plunged rather more deeply than before into the anti-slavery abyss. The result, inevitable under the circumstances, was that, some two months ago, he, as well as several others similarly engaged, was arrested and thrown into jail, on the general charge of exciting discontent in the slave population, and seeking to create insurrection.

The particular occasion of Mr. Worth's arrest was the disposal by him of a number of copies of H. R. Helper's "Impending Crisis," a work which, although written by a North Carolinian, and approved by North Carolinians, has been judged improper for North Carolinians to read. After having been detected circulating this work in various towns, Mr. Worth was seized at Greensboro, in his native county, and confined in jail, to await judicial treatment. Indictments were also found against him in other places, so that he was warned to look forward to a long series of trials. One of these, of which I shall presently speak, took place last week in the Court-house at this town. The others are yet impending.

Of the books circulated by Mr. Worth, the greater portion was recovered and publicly burned; it being a wise custom of this, in common with other Southern States, to thus compel attention and invite consideration to obnoxious publications, instead of quietly disposing of them in some less obtrusive manner. Ten copies which had been left in charge of a citizen of High Point were delivered up, and thus destroyed in the most prominent part of the village. The proceeding was described to me the other day with that richness of vituperative illustration and fecundity of invective which I find Southerners know so well how to employ when discussing the all-absorbing topic. I could hardly understand how the mere collection of a burning pile of ten moderate-sized books ld light such a blaze of imagination as was displayed e me. A particular point held up to admiration hat the fires were kindled just in view of the princimale seminary of High Point. The beneficial s of such a scene upon the young feminine mind re vividly rehearsed, and allusions to the probable sponsive glow in the hearts of the seminary maidens warmly put forth. I could not help wondering if the same happy results were to be expected from a singular scene which I had, the day before, witnessed upon the very porch of this same seminary—singular to Northern eyes, and, I should trust, not too frequently observed in such a place, even at the South. A scene, too, every detail of which was animated by the same spirit which coun- d the burning of the Helper book, and which, like was a natural operation of the ruling system. was a slave sale. The preceptor of the seminary ied, and his estate was now offered at public auction. were twenty-three negro slaves, and a few other stock—some horses and cows. The piazza of the y was selected as the most advantageous place for ition and disposition of the property. There were stationed. The salesman's stand was t a central point. In the numerous windows ding clustered the young receivers of education, and eager. The crowd of visitors was large. were speculators from different States, and one r from Mississippi, who seemed specially interested in the proceedings. The sale proceeded much as all slave sales do. There was the brisk auctioneer, ever ready to chirp his cheerful jest, and, with astonishing rapidity of utterance, invoking the most minute examination of the physical qualities of his stock, male and female. On the part of the slaves there was at first the usual stolid air, then the anxious, doubting gaze, the watchful scrutiny of each contending buyer, the alternate hopes and fears, the trembling lip and the humid eye, as the destiny of separation from the best loved became too certain, and, last, the unmurmuring resignation which only their lives of well-trained servitude could have brought. All these things were, perhaps, good to be seen by the ladies in training at the High Point Seminary. But what of the brutal, drunken trader, who, defying all restraints of decency, lavished his coarse caresses on the shrinking slave girls, and so betrayed the baseness of his nature that even his fellow-dealers, though never undertaking to check his excesses, yet felt a shame they did not hesitate to avow? Could that have been a worthy sight to greet their young eyes, and to rest in their young remembrances?

The Helper books were burned; and as the term of court drew near, Daniel Worth was removed from Greensboro to the Randolph County jail, in this town. The excitement in the vicinity was very great. The officers of the court were urged to bring along the trial with all possible speed. The counsel for the defence declared that he was left no peace, during the earlier cases, so constant and importunate were the inquiries.

The trial took place on Friday of last week. The court-room was closely filled with crowds of spectators. Mr. Worth appeared soon after 10 o'clock. He is a man of imposing and dignified presence. He must have passed sixty-five years, and yet his frame is full of vigor, and the firmness of his bearing is untouched by time. His great height, six feet and four inches, adds vastly to the impressiveness of his mien. His manner was perfectly calm, and his countenance was quite untroubled.

A good deal of time—upward of two hours—was occupied in impanelling a jury. Of about fifty who were examined, almost all had formed and expressed opinions as to the guilt of the accused—opinions very slightly varying, it may be presumed. Of the twelve who were at last selected, four were slaveholders and eight non-slaveholders. The indictment, which was very long, covering twenty pages, was largely occupied with citations from Helper's book, and as such ought to have been regarded as an incendiary document of very dangerous character. Mr. Scott, one of the prosecuting attorneys, succeeded, while reading it, in moving the crowd of spectators to many mute demonstrations of indignation toward the prisoner. In his opening address, he invoked the usual rhetorical resources on such occasions, launching liberal supplies of vehement denunciation, and revelling in the wildest extravagance of oratory. Deluges of blood, massacred bodies generally, but particularly of wives and children, badly-cut throats and burning buildings were wrought together into a picture of very gory hue. Mr. Scott did it all well, and, having done it, the Government proceeded to call its witnesses, eight or ten in number. The taking of the evidence was quickly accomplished. Four copies of "The Impending Crisis" were produced, which, it was proved, Mr. Worth had sold to different parties, who appeared. One of these testified that, on learning of Worth's arrest, he had buried his copy somewhere, whence it had been exhumed for use on the trial. Another declared he had hidden his in a hollow log in the woods. Another, named Sluder, assisted by his wife, deposed that he witnessed a sale of Helper's book by Mr. Worth to a man named Yates, and that, at the time, Worth had counselled Yates to be "careful whom he permitted to see it, as there was enough contained in it to whip a man's back, if people were mean enough to do so." Testimony was offered to prove the utterance of verbal incendiary declarations, at other times than at the sales of the books, but was objected to by the counsel for the defence, and ruled out. The case was then argued at great length, on behalf of Mr. Worth, by Mr. Ralph Gorrell, who, beside denying the application of the statute to a book like this of Helper's, earnestly remonstrated against laws which punished actions like those of which his client was accused, saying that such laws were written in blood; by Messrs. Settle and McLean for the prosecution; and, finally, by Mr. Morehead for the defendant. The Judge's charge was then delivered. He overruled a point made by the defence, that as the statute referred only to pamphlets and papers, it could not rightly cover the book in question, that being a bound volume, by deciding that, although the letter of the act was not met, yet the jury must be guided by its meaning. He also instructed the jury that they must conclude for themselves whether the tendency of the book was such as is forbidden by the statute, and whether it was circulated by Worth with the desire to produce discontent and dissatisfaction with their condition among free negroes and slaves. But, in respect of this, he held that it was not necessary that the jury should be assured that the book had been read by or recited to a free negro or slave, or that any such knew anything of any part of its contents. The Judge's charge was finished at midnight, and the jury immediately retired. At 4 o'clock on Saturday morning, they returned with a verdict of guilty. The Judge stated that he could exercise his discretion as to inflicting the whole or only a part of the punishment prescribed (imprisonment and public whipping), and sentenced the prisoner to confinement for twelve months—the shortest period mentioned in the statute. In taking this course, however, the Judge acted in direct opposition to the opinions and prejudices of the people. The defendant's counsel appealed to the Supreme Court on several points.

Mr. Worth is also indicted in another bill in this (Randolph) county, charging him with uttering words of the most aggravated degree of incendiarism. This charge he emphatically denies, and says cannot be proved.

Before the commencement of Mr. Worth's trial, it is understood, his counsel made great exertions to effect a compromise, and stay proceedings, offering the condition that the accused should leave the State, with a pledge never to return, but the prosecuting officer refused to enter into any such arrangement.

The counsel for the defence had originally intended to make use of an interesting and remarkable pamphlet, published in 1830, at Greensboro, entitled "An Address to the People of North Carolina on the Evils of Slavery. By the Friends of Liberty and Equality." This work, printed thirty years ago, in the same town in which Daniel Worth was arrested, and in which he is shortly to receive one of the several trials which await him, is an energetic and uncompromising onslaught upon slavery, as earnest in denunciation and as complete in its exposition of the vices of the system as any similar essay which has since appeared. Thirty years ago, it was circulated in North Carolina, and no person was subjected to inconvenience on account of its publication or its distribution—a fact which now seems to be forgotten, since I have everywhere heard the conviction most confidently expressed that if Daniel Worth, or any other man, had ventured, half a century back, to issue, or even to bear in his possession, a work of the Helper order, no jury would have been called upon to pronounce upon his guilt, and no legal judge to proclaim his sentence; but that his immediate death would have followed his detection. Thus the people of North Carolina, at least many of them, cherish the singular belief that their State progresses from year to year; an error of judgment that could hardly occur in any other part of the country.

This "Address" was not, for some reason, brought to notice in the trial, although its effect in proving that a most radical anti-slavery publication, written, as Helper's book was, by a North Carolinian, had been long since circulated without interference of the authorities against either writer or circulator, ought to have aided in Worth's defence. I found, on general inquiry, that the existence of this pamphlet was almost unknown; and when its objects and arguments were intimated, they were met by the assurance that the writer must have been some obscure and ill-informed fanatic, whose treachery to the principles of the Commonwealth was not a matter worthy to be seriously considered. But unhappily for the strength of this position, the author—whose name does not appear on the title-page—was Benjamin Swaim, a Carolinian of the highest social and legal position. He was the author of "Swaim's Justice," a standard work of legal authority in North Carolina, which is even now advertised throughout the State. I saw in the Raleigh papers of last week notices in which were the most profuse commendations of the book, and also of its writer, whose wisdom and learning are attested by a number of very respectable gentlemen from various parts of the Union. If I remember aright, the estimable name of Edward Everett was among these. Now, thus fortified as to character, and recommended as an author deserving of particular consideration, Benjamin Swaim ought surely to have the privilege of free diffusion of his well-considered views upon a subject of so much importance as this he so carefully treated. And this he had, thirty years ago, when he lived; but now, it seems, his memory would be blackened with the stain of incendiarism, and his fame tainted with the worst of Southern disgraces—Abolitionism. It was with a sort of prophetic foresight that, in the opening of this pamphlet, he admonished his fellow-citizens to "work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

The result of Worth's trial, notwithstanding his condemnation to twelve months of imprisonment, and the certainty of future sentences equally if not more severe, is not wholly satisfactory to the people at large. I hear very many expressions of discontent that he was not publicly whipped, as well as incarcerated, as he might have been—or, according to the popular view, *ought* to have been—under the statute. But the hope that some less lenient Judge in another county may impose this more degrading penalty, sustains them in their disappointment.

The night before last, while I was writing a few private incendiary lines at a table in the hotel office here, an argumentative party gathered around, watching with curiosity the process of the Northern gentleman wielding his pen. Presently a conversation arose, intended to produce an impression of some sort upon the stranger. There were three or four prominent debaters, and quite a chorus of less important bystanders, whose occasional emphatic corroborations intensified a good deal the declarations of the elders.

FIRST SPEAKER—We keep a good watch for Abolitionists down here. They can't operate without we know all about it. Not much.

SECOND SPEAKER—And we gen'ly know them when we see them, wherever they come from.

THIRD SPEAKER—They can't harm us here. Niggers is faithful, and runs from an Abolitionist like poison.

CHORUS OF BYSTANDERS—Oh, yes; niggers is faithful.

IMPRUDENT VOICE FROM A CORNER.—Niggers is afraid to be anything else. [Glances of disapprobation at the volunteer of this bit of testimony.]

FIRST SPEAKER—We can put Abolitionists in jail, and we can stripe them.

SECOND SPEAKER—Why didn't we stripe old Worth?

IMPRUDENT VOICE AGAIN—He's *such* an old man. [Indignant glances, discouraging the Imprudent Voice from further manifestations.]

THIRD SPEAKER—We shall stripe Worth before we are through with him.

FIRST SPEAKER—Serve him right, too.

CHORUS OF BYSTANDERS—Oh, yes; serve him right. Better hang him.

At this point comes up the inevitable assurance—the Alpha and Omega of pro-slavery argument—that "niggers is happy." After a few variations on this flexible theme, to the effect that "niggers always loves their owners, at least North Carolina niggers," and that "no persuasions could bring niggers to injure their masters," the debate is dropped and the assemblage dissolves.

The next evening, at High Point, only twenty miles distant, a hotel piazza coterie discussed "niggers" in a more natural and less cautious manner. The spread of Abolitionism among the "Hickory Quakers" was deeply lamented, and the possible consequences considered with some appearance of anxiety. The Mississippi slave-dealer, who had purchased five pieces of valuable property at the above-mentioned sale, and had remained longer at High Point than he had intended, on account, as he freely declared, of the attractions of a light-hued slave girl ("whiter than himself," he said quite truthfully) a waitress at the tavern, was ready to believe the earnest asseveration of a North Carolina dealer, that the danger of anti-slavery influences was very great. "The niggers are always ready to do mischief," said the Carolinian. "If I should walk into that house opposite, and find ten niggers, I could in half an hour so work upon them as to make them go over to that school (pointing to the seminary) and cut as many throats as they could find." This opinion, startling as it appeared, was quite readily subscribed to by the listeners, who all agreed that "niggers was just *that* ready to be induced to do anything that was wrong."

The High Point discussion gradually became more interesting. The question whether slavery is or is not profitable in the State of North Carolina arose, and, rather singularly, was decided in the negative, so far as the central and western parts of the State were concerned. There was an unanimity of opinion on this subject quite surprising, inasmuch as stern determinations to permit no interference whatever with slavery had only a short time before been expressed. But it was freely admitted that the profits of slave labor are peculiarly doubtful in North Carolina, and the rather high prices paid in the recent sale consequently occasioned some astonishment.

This brought up the subject of amalgamation, which was in various ways severely reprehended. It was all wrong, said a leader in the debate, to rear mulattoes and the like. For his part, he would be glad if he could see the white and black races wholly distinct and separate. This looked like a marvel of humanity, until the reason came, which was that the mixed breeds were "no good"; they were weak and sickly, and besides being unequal to hard work, gave themselves more airs than the pure-blooded negroes. And, moreover, their offspring always, in each succeeding generation, grew feebler and feebler.

It occurred to me that there might be other causes, perhaps not less important than this, for regretting the evils which follow the free mingling of the races, the perpetual practice of which is acknowledged at the South. And one of these is so well illustrated by the sad and tragic story of an event which happened not long ago in a neighbor State of North Carolina that, as it has never been put before the world, it may not inaptly be here narrated.

The case is well enough known in Savannah, Georgia, where it occurred, and is fresh in the recollection of hundreds.

A wealthy merchant, named McA——, occupying the first social station, and a recognized leader of that mysterious section of the community known as the "upper circles," following a custom not sufficiently uncommon to make it a matter of remarkable moment, retained within his house, among his wife and his legitimate children, a handsome female slave, who, in the fulfilment of her duties, brought him many children. Among these were two girls of much beauty, for whom he had a particular affection. They shared, in a good degree, the privileges of his other and acknowledged children, somewhat to the distaste of certain neighbors, who objected that the girls presumed upon and took advantage of the slight and unimportant circumstances of their paternity. Overlooking the necessity for making early provision for these daughters, Mr. McA—— delayed establishing their freedom until it was too late. The law of Georgia forbids a slave-owner to emancipate his property when dying, and it was only upon his death-bed that Mr. McA—— gave the needed thought to the welfare of these two of his daughters. Calling his son and heir, he reminded him of the affection he had always felt for them, and conjured him to provide for and protect them after his death; and the wished-for promise was readily given.

Not many years later, the son discovered himself to be, from some cause, in pressing want of money. Money he had not—at least, not sufficient—and yet money he must have. Only one way seemed open to him. It was, perhaps, rather a hard case; but then, it was even harder for him to need money. Finally, he decided, and announced to his father's slave daughters that their value to him was more appreciable in another form than themselves. To this cruelty they did not passively submit, as it would undoubtedly have been becoming in them to do; but, "presuming upon their relationship," implored the young McA—— to heed the dying injunction of their father, and to spare them the common fate of all who bear the shame of servitude. But there was the money that must be procured. So young McA—— bravely shook off all qualms, and, by coining his sisters' flesh and blood, restored in part the wasting substance of his fortune. The girls were young, and very pretty, and quite unused to toil. But, young and pretty, it is not likely they were bought for purposes of toil.

Clearly, the custom of mingling the blood of the two races has some errors.

By the continuation of the tavern conversation at High Point, I gained some other facts of interest. I learned that Helper, whose native town is not far from that place, could never hope to visit his early home again; that, as it was known that the mere fact of his having written "The Impending Crisis" constituted no punishable offence according to the laws of the State, it would then be necessary, in the possible case of his ever reappearing in that region, to remedy this defect, and apply by means of mobbing the penalty which could not otherwise be enforced. I heard, too, the legend of a wise and a foolish Quaker, the latter a Hickory of the most obnoxious growth, who had ruined himself by spending his money in foolish schemes for the liberation of slaves and their after comfort, and whose great house at High Point, after his death, had been sold to supply the needs of his widow; the former, his son, "a fine young fellow, who would be glad to own all the niggers in North Carolina," and who had been heard to revile his father's memory with great spirit, as the only manner he had of expressing his feelings on the subject of the great wrong that had been done him.

So runs the popular sentiment of all North Carolina, in the consideration of the slavery question. Apart from it, there seems no deficiency of generous impulse, and abundant evidence of noble feeling. But at the point of slavery discussion these cease. The senses of the community forsake them. The negro gets into their heads, and they declaim and harangue in wildest excess of bitter acrimony. On these occasions only is there much appearance of rough vigor among the people. Their common mood is that of placid languor. Whatever real energies the people may possess seem ever to be lying dormant. With a surpassingly beautiful climate, and a soil of great fruitfulness, suited to almost every variety of productions, North Carolina has only some five millions of acres, of the thirty-two millions of the State, improved and cultivated. Massachusetts, with its rocky soil and rude climate, has, of its less than five millions of acres, over two millions in cultivation. Enterprise and slavery do not march together.

The other trials of Mr. Worth are to begin in about three weeks. They can, it is to be presumed, hardly fail to result in his conviction, and it is the opinion of lawyers that he will, with great difficulty, escape the punishment of whipping, which, as well as imprisonment, is imposed by the statute, if, indeed, he escape it at all. It is doubtful whether the Judge will, in all the cases, assume the responsibility of omitting that portion of the sentence. The trials are looked forward to with exceeding interest, both by the masses, eager for his disgrace, and by the friends of the cause the prisoner represents, who are here stronger in numbers than in any other part of the State.

CHEEVER MEETING AT GLASGOW.

From The Glasgow Examiner, March 24th.

IT must be some consolation for Dr. Cheever to know that, while his expositions and denunciations of the infamous slave system have all but isolated him from his brethren in America, he has nevertheless the warm sympathy of the great body of evangelical clergymen in this country. The meeting held in the Merchants' Hall on Monday was a public avowal of this. The meeting took place in the middle of the day, when business men more particularly require to be in their offices or warehouses, yet the attendance was numerous and influential. The clergymen, of whom there were a considerable number present, were of the Free and dissenting persuasions, and those who took part in the proceedings were leading men in their respective bodies. The Chairman, Bailie Blackie, has only recently been brought prominently before the public; but, from the position he holds as a magistrate, and in the commercial community, as well as from his great personal worth, his coöperation must add weight to any movement with which he may be connected. The Rev. Dr. Buchanan moved the first resolution (declaring slavery to be a sin), which had less reference to the special business than to the evils of slavery generally, and in that light his address was eloquent and effective. He commenced by expressing his respect for the people of the United States, stating at the same time that, if the object of the meeting had been to throw stones at them, he for one would have taken no part in it. He, however, made no apology for the slaveholder, nor for the toleration of slaveholding principles, and concluded by stating that he had read Dr. Cheever's book, and, if the eloquent and powerful discourses it contained were to be regarded as a specimen of the manner in which he handled the question, then he could do nothing else than bid him God speed. The Rev. Dr. Robertson warmly eulogized the speech of the mover of the resolution, who had anticipated him in almost all that he intended to say, yet he made some very effective remarks, which were by no means a reiteration of what had previously been said. The next resolution, which embraced the especial object of the meeting, was moved by the Rev. Mr. Batchelor, in a long and highly interesting address, in which the peculiar position of Dr. Cheever was defined and vindicated by an appeal to facts, the collation of which must have cost the Rev. gentleman much time and research. Rev. Dr. Smyth seconded the resolution, and in doing so expressed his concurrence in what had been so ably advanced by Mr. Batchelor, and said that, like Dr. Robertson, he had been anticipated in all that he intended to have said. He, however, made some excellent remarks, and, among others, that he knew from experience what it was to run counter to the opinions of influential men on the subject of slavery. Upwards of thirty years ago, when he was minister of St. George's, he had in his congregation a considerable number of wealthy West India planters. At that time, he and some of his brethren joined the Anti-Slavery Society, and it was not very pleasant to be always getting, as he did, the cold shoulder from these men. This he stated in order to show that they should not judge too harshly of all their American brethren, although he had no sympathy whatever with the system. The speaking was most effective, and the meeting altogether a success. It will be gratifying to Dr. Cheever to know that, although his bold utterances of what he regards the truth have cost him the loss of many friends, and entailed on him much persecution, and although they have brought him into pecuniary difficulties of a very serious nature, still his case is far from hopeless. He has justice and religion on his side. Christians of the old country sympathize with him and encourage him, and the time will assuredly come when, even in his own country, he or his memory will be regarded with respect and gratitude.

There can be little doubt that good will come of this persecution of Dr. Cheever. All great religious or political revolutions have been preceded by persecution and sacrifice of good men and true; and we cannot expect that a system which has spread its roots into every department of life in the United States, entwined them around the law courts, insinuated them into the habits and customs of the people, and even into evangelical churches and pulpits—we say such a system cannot be overturned at a cost lighter than persecution and martyrdom. The work is progressing, and such incidents as the sacrifice of Old Brown and the persecution of Dr. Cheever are only but the certain evidence that it is so. Readers of history will remember that Scotland in her days of trial had a John Brown also—John Brown the Ayrshire carrier, who was, in the presence of his wife and family, put to death by the pistol of the bloody Claverhouse himself. But the death of John Brown did not silence the covenanting party, did not even retard, but only hastened, the moment of deliverance. It is well known that when fevers linger, it is necessary to administer stimulants in order to hasten the crisis and carry the patient safely through. Such cases as those of the Browns and of the Cheevers act as stimulants in hastening on the crisis for which the oppressed and their friends so anxiously long. The anti-slavery agitation is beginning to tell with an effect that threatens to reach the vitals of the system, and those who profit by it are becoming alarmed for their gains. Although Cheever is all but alone in the meantime, it will not be so for any length of time—others will soon make up to him, and take their stand with him side by side. No true man in any great and good cause stands long alone. His isolation, his very dangers, create a sympathy for him, and with him, which soon ripens into similar convictions, and equal heroism, and the right in the end prevails. These cases of persecution in America are, as we now see, reanimating the cause in this country. Had it not been for the cases of Brown and Cheever, the question of slavery would have had extremely little interest for the people of this country at the present moment. The increased cotton importation would have had quite a narcotic effect on our sympathies and consciences, and the groans of the slave, however deep, however aggravated, would have failed to arouse us to practical measures in his behalf. Such speeches as that of Dr. Buchanan, even the knowledge of such an one—a chief leader in one of the largest religious sects in Scotland—coming forward to denounce the system as anti-Christian, cannot fail to make a deep impression on many a slaveholding Church, and slaveholding church-member in the United States. The words uttered by such men here are read with the greatest avidity yonder; and when they evince no malice towards the country, but rather a desire for its welfare—when they evince love for those who are, perhaps unwittingly, the upholders of the iniquitous system, there is every probability that they will influence many into more than a mere passive acquiescence in their truth.

THE REV. HENRY BATCHELOR'S STATEMENT OF DR. CHEEVER'S CASE.

[ABRIDGED.]

The Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR moved the second resolution, which was to the following effect: "While appreciating the great service rendered by the American Churches to the common cause of the gospel, this meeting deeply laments their complicity with slavery, and unfeignedly deplores the connivance of the Churches in the free States at this direful evil; very sincerely sympathizes with any ministers or Churches who may be resolutely protesting against this national sin, and especially rejoices in the Christian, manly and faithful testimony presented by the Rev. G. B. Cheever, D.D., and most earnestly commends the appeal for pecuniary help during the struggle to the warm and generous liberality of the Churches in Great Britain."

The history of the American Churches, said Mr. Batchelor, presents a lamentable spectacle of progressive submission to the power of slavery. The connivance of the free States is sufficiently exemplified in the cowering unfaithfulness of the great religious societies. For years the clergy in high places have been silenced by popular intimidation, and in some cases have become the apologists of slavery. The venerable Dr. Samuel Hanson Cox, whose face I well remember seeing in this country some years ago, is a notable example. Between the years 1833–38 New York was agitated by slavery riots. Dr. Cox and H. G. Ludlow honorably distinguished themselves by giving the weight of their public position to the side of freedom. But the pro-slavery mobs smashed their church windows, and dragged out the church furniture, and flung it into the gutter. Dr. Cox has been dumb ever since, except as the apologist of the strong against the weak. The passing of the Fugitive Slave law in 1850—one of the most daring enactments of slave policy—has scow stung the friends of liberty to exertion. This nefarious measure, which I need not stay to describe, was received by the majority of the clergy in guilty silence, and by not a few with still more guilty acquiescence. Hear the opinion of Judge Jay, one of the few of uncorrupted conscience, on this piece of pro-slavery legislation: "If you ask my opinion of the 'binding force' of this law, in a *moral sense*, I answer that its binding force is precisely the same as was that of the law of Nebuchadnezzar, commanding the multitudes on the plain of Dura to fall down and worship the golden image—of the decree of Darius, forbidding prayer to God for thirty days—of the order of the Jewish magistrates to Peter and Paul not to speak at all, nor to teach in the name of Jesus—of the commands of the Roman Emperors, that Christians should cast incense on the altars of idols—of the edicts of Louis XIV., requiring the Huguenots to embrace the faith and practice of the Church of Rome. This accursed statute requires us to become *active* instruments of treachery, cruelty and oppression, to the persecuted but innocent fugitive—to set at naught the law of Jehovah, to do justice and love mercy—to trample under foot the great commandment of our blessed Redeemer, to love our neighbor—and, regardless of His authority, to do to *others* what would fill *our* souls with anguish if done to ourselves. Let us, with our families, enter the dungeons which Northern politicians have prepared, rather than hazard our souls by rendering obedience to the requirements of this wicked law." But what said the clergy of the free States? A few uttered indignant truth. The great majority were silent. But some proclaimed what one cannot read without grief, and mortification, and shame. Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, asserted that slavery is "warranted by the Old Testament," and inquired, "What effect had the Gospel in doing away with slavery? None whatever." Dr. Taylor, a Congregational clergyman, of New Haven, asks: "Is that article in the Constitution contrary to the law of nature, of nations, or to the will of God? Is it so? Is there a shadow of reason for saying it? I have not been able to discover it. Have I not shown you it is lawful to deliver up, in compliance with their laws, fugitive slaves, for the high, the great, the momentous interests of those [Southern] States?" Rev. W. M. Rogers, an orthodox minister, of Boston, says: "When the slave asks me to stand between him and his master, what does he ask? He asks me to murder a nation's life; and I will not do it, because I have a conscience—because there is a God." A conscience! Delicate creature! He continues to affirm that if resistance to the Fugitive Slave law should lead the magistracy to call the citizens to arms, their duty is to obey; and, "if ordered to take human life," to maintain this unnatural enactment, "*in the name of God to take it.*" The Rev. Dr. Spencer, of Brooklyn, New York, published a sermon in defence of the Fugitive Slave law, which Dr. S. H. Cox highly lauded. Dr. Joel Parker asks: "What are the evils inseparable from slavery? There is not one that is not equally inseparable from depraved human nature in *other lawful* relations." Dr. Gardiner Spring, the eminent Presbyterian clergyman of New York, protested in the pulpit: "If by one prayer he could liberate every slave in the world, he would not dare to offer it." Exquisite conscientiousness! A gentleman in Edinburgh was in New York some time since, and attended the church of Dr. Spring. The portion of the word of God read was Isaiah, chap. lviii. When the Doctor came to verse 6, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke," he skipped over it, and did not read it. The sensitive piety which restrained his prayer expurgated the inspired word of God. Last, and not least—I cannot tell you with what lamentation I announce it—the illustrious Moses Stuart, of Andover Theological Seminary, declared that, "though we may *pity* the fugitive, yet the Mosaic law does not authorize the rejection of the claims of the slaveholders to their *stolen or strayed property*." I think that this gentle word "connivance" requires to be strengthened to guilty complicity.

The resolution "especially rejoices in the *Christian, manly and faithful* testimony presented by the Rev. G. B. Cheever, D.D." The first thing to be done is to define Dr. Cheever's position. He takes this ground, that slaveholding is contrary to the word of God. This is the conclusion of all British anti-slavery advocates who are unmystified by the direct or indirect influences of slavery. Dr. Cheever, simple man, requires that *sin* should be *treated as sin*. And why not? Why should commercial dishonesty, drunkenness, unchastity, &c., be treated as sins, and not slaveholding, which is worse than any, and often includes and provokes all? Dr. Cheever demands honest, straightforward, church-action regarding this sin. He insists that political action should be as direct and sincere. Plenty of ministers and Churches call themselves anti-slavery people, but all they do is to remain silent, or very occasionally blow off a little pent-up talk which is not at all intended to be followed by practical action either in Church or State. Dr. Cheever is simply consistent. In the second place, I must sketch Dr. Cheever's course. In 1850, when the Fugitive Slave law was passed, Dr. Cheever assailed and denounced it. When the Kansas atrocities occurred about 1854, and the slave party were bent on obliterating the land-marks of freedom by revolutionary violence, he, in like manner, invoked the condemnation of the Word of God. When the Dred Scott decision was pronounced, which excluded the testimony of a man of color from every court of justice in the land, and placed 4 000 000 of human beings under the heel of the dominant population, he lifted up his voice with the same energetic consistency. As you would expect, great dissatisfaction was felt in 1850. As the pastor "fulfilled his course," the grumble of opposition grew louder and louder. In 1855, the discontent broke out in open rebellion, and ever since the usual means have been plied to induce Dr. Cheever to resign his charge, or to eject him from his pulpit. I must, in the third place, show that Dr Cheever's uprightness is the reason why he stands alone in New York. I am not unaware that there are brethren in New York whose hands are clean, and who are not implicated in the sin of slavery, even by connivance. But there is no man in any position of public influence who has made the thorough-going stand of Dr. Cheever (cheers). In many large and fashionable churches in New York the wrongs and the rights of the slave have no mention in prayer from year to year. Conniving clergy would not pray, and conniving communions would not bear. Ministers can scarcely retain their charges when they make a thorough Christian stand against slavery. Nine clergymen in America, in one way or other, have been turned out of their pulpits since 1850, for uttering an honest testimony against slavery. They are these—the Rev. M. D. Conway, Washington, D. C.; the Rev. Dudley Tyng, Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, for one sermon against slavery, 1856; the Rev. T. B. M'Cormick, Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Indiana Presbytery, for aiding fugitive slaves, the prosecution being set on foot by his *clerical brethren*, 1856; the Rev. W. Sellers, tarred and expelled the State; the Rev. Samuel Sawyer, of Rogersville, Tenn., for giving evidence against Col. Netherland's brutal outrage on his slave, 1857; the Rev. J. D. Long, Methodist Episcopal, Philadelphia Conference, 1857; the Rev. Moses M. Longley; the Rev. J. B. Boardman, for the utterance of free speech, 1856; a young Presbyterian clergyman, last summer, for preaching two sermons on slavery in New York. The last would have stayed and braved opposition, but his Church Session, who admitted the righteousness of his course, advised him to resign. To these must be added the Rev. Chas. H. Malcom, Baptist Church, Wheeling, for refusing his name to a commendation of the ruffian who attacked Senator Sumner in 1856 (loud cheers). You will observe that a large number of these cases evidently occurred in the Free States. Henry Ward Beecher confesses, in his Harper's Ferry sermon, Oct. 30, 1859, that "the Churches in the North," *i. e.*, the free States, "will not, as a body, take upon themselves the responsibility of bearing witness against the enormities of slavery." While the Cheever demonstration was being held in Edinburgh, Dr. Cheever was being burnt in effigy near his own church, by a pro-slavery mob (cheers). In the fourth place, I cannot pass by the question which is so often proposed: "How is it that Dr. Cheever is so assailed, and Henry Ward Beecher is so popular?" It is an ungracious task to compare the merits of two anti-slavery advocates in my own denomination, and attempt to strike the balance between their claims. My feelings shrink from the duty, but my conscience demands that it be done. These ministers differ in opinion. I do not find in Mr. Beecher's opinions the thorough-going anti-scripturalness of slavery, and the radical sinfulness of any such relation amongst human beings (loud applause). Next, these gentlemen differ in their public teaching on this question. Mr. Beecher blazes out now and then in indignant paragraphs, and at irregular intervals, as in the *Harper's Ferry* sermon, preaches a whole discourse against it. Dr. Cheever has systematically elicited the revealed mind of God on the whole length and breadth of the immense iniquity. Moreover, Dr. Cheever watches and criticizes the course of public events, and tries every new legislative evil to the balance of inspired truth. The Fugitive Slave law, Kansas monstrosities, Dred Scott decision, &c., each in consistent succession has been examined and rebuked. I saw in a New York paper that Mr. Beecher had not preached on slavery for some fifteen months before Oct. 30, 1859. He exposed, like Dr. Cheever, the criminal Fugitive Slave law in 1850. After the passing of that ruthless statute, the Southern planters resorted to the most unscrupulous measures to silence all opposition. About 1852–53 a document was sent from slave-masters requiring the principal firms in New York to sign an agreement to abstain from anti-slavery agitation, on pain of losing their patronage. I am informed that only a few houses withheld their signatures. The terms of the stipulation, so far as I know, have never got into print. The establishment of Bowen & McNamee is honorably mentioned as having spurned the indignity, retorting, "No, gentlemen; we sell our goods, not our principles." Whether the dissatisfaction which was experienced in 1850 by Dr. Cheever was shared by Mr. Beecher I know not, but clear it is Dr. Cheever holds on his consistent though troubled way. Mr. Beecher is not as much given to out-spoken denunciation as in 1850. I have not been able to ascertain that Mr. Beecher canvassed the Dred Scott decision, but have been assured that he did not. Whether he is unconsciously yielding to the presence of the Slave Power, time will not be long in telling. Further, these clergymen differ radically in their lines of practical action. Mr. Beecher demands no thorough, direct and immediate action either in Church or State for the overthrow of slavery. The Harper's Ferry sermon is entitled "The right and the wrong way about slavery." I should be sorry to breathe a word against the many wise and noble sentiments, and just and indignant rebukes, which may be culled from the discourse. But its deficiencies are immense. Mr. Beecher discourages, as a "wrong way," the introduction of discontent among the slaves from without. How can we agitate for their freedom and not awaken interior discontent? If we could, what could be more undesirable? If no discontent could be excited among the negroes, then we had better let them alone (cheers). They must be brutes, not men, and all anti-slavery effort is nugatory. Our duty is to tell slaveholders and slaves the right and the wrong of the whole business, and leave the truth to carry out God's laws to all their Divine issues. Mr. Beecher has six points on the "right way," neither of which attempts to plan or organize any practical action against slavery. His terrible fifth topic, on the "right of chastity in the woman, the unblemished household love, the right of parents in their children, I dare say has not been followed up by any urging of ecclesiastical or political action. Dr. Cheever is not content to deliver his conscience by firing off one well-primed topic on a theme so fearful, and then let the audience forget the flash of righteous anger and the thunder of righteous denunciation (hear, hear). Once more, Dr. Cheever and Mr. Beecher differ in the societies to which they give support. Permit me to give you some account of the American Tract Society at Boston. Its principles are announced in official addresses, resolutions, reports and publications. "We are not an anti-slavery society." "Not to be an abolition society." "Resolved, that the political aspects of slavery lie entirely without the proper sphere of this society, and cannot be discussed in its publications; but those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those moral evils which it is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by evangelical Christians, do undoubtedly fall within the province of this society, and can and ought to be *discussed* in a *fraternal* and *Christian* spirit." The poisonous root of all the evil is not to be touched, but some of the pernicious issues are to be *discussed* in a *fraternal* and *Christian* spirit. Imagine a grave committee, lay and clerical, *discussing* the rending asunder of all divine and human bonds, and the anguish of bleeding human hearts; husbands, and wives, and parents, and children; the shameless violation of wedded love; church membership and adultery; in a *fraternal and Christian spirit*. What in the world is the work of a Christian Tract Society if slavery is to be excluded from its rebukes? This trimming and treacherous society is sanctioned by the eloquence of Henry Ward Beecher. Now, let me place before you some account of the Church Anti-Slavery Society at Worcester. Its preamble, constitution and declaration of principles avow its nature and objects. "The utter destruction of that atrocious system of chattel slavery which is maintained in the United States." "The duties of the officers and committee shall be . . . . to induce *action* by the Churches with reference to slavery, and to inculcate the duties of civil government, of civil rulers, and of citizens, in respect of *its overthrow*." "The word of God our charter to freedom, and our armory against slavery." "The system of American slavery and the practice of slaveholding essentially sinful and anti-Christian, and *to be dealt with, therefore, as such, by Christian Churches and ministers*." "*No compromise* with slavery allowable, but its total extinction to be demanded at once, *in the name of God*." Dr. Cheever is a prominent advocate of this society; Henry Ward Beecher has refused to speak at its meeting.

Suffer me to direct your attention to one more society. I mentioned just now, amongst the conniving organizations, "The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." The Cherokee and Choctaw Mission stations, it is well known, are in gross complicity with slavery. You can readily believe that the most revolting features of the slave system will be visible amongst such half-civilized tribes, and the guilt of the Board is the greater which tolerates it in its list. Now, the missionaries of these stations, as well as their church-members, are slaveholders. Just lately the Choctaw station has been separated from the Board, but the Cherokee mission is still supported by its funds, and shielded by its countenance. At the beginning of the present year, 1860, a discussion took place in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, of which Mr. Beecher is the pastor. The debate created great excitement, which extended over five nights. The discussion was raised by some who held sounder views on the question of slavery than the pastor, and the resolution of the thorough-going anti-slavery advocate was to the effect, "That this Church contribute no more money to the American Board, &c." On the fourth night of the debate, with all his influence, as the pastor of the Church, and his unquestioned ability as a debater, Mr. Beecher supported the following positions, in a speech of more than two hours long: "That the American Board was the proper depository of the contributions of Plymouth Church for Foreign Missions; that the Board had, to an unparalleled degree, kept pace with public sentiment on the subject of slavery; that it now held anti-slavery doctrines, and had faithfully and consistently applied these doctrines to missionary work; and that its record on this whole subject was clean, clear and pure." Mr. Theodore Tilton, one of the members of the Church, replied in a masterly address, which must have occupied two or three hours in the delivery, to the positions of the pastor. I recommend you all to read it. I must confess that I think the disciple is above his master. The speech of Mr. Tilton is a good set-off to the timid and compromising policy of the clerical editors of *The New York Independent*. Mr. Tilton, I believe, is connected with the editorial department. Mr. Beecher is a warm defender of the American Board; Dr. Cheever, with characteristic consistency, moved, at the last meeting of the Board in Philadelphia, the following temperate resolution: "That, in the opinion of the Board, the holding of slaves be pronounced an immorality, inconsistent with membership in any Christian Church; and that it ought to be required that these Missionary Churches should immediately put away from themselves this sin, and should cease to sanction it even in appearance." Of course, Dr. Cheever's resolution was lost at the Board, and Mr. Tilton's in Plymouth Church. The pro-slavery journals, such as *The New York Observer* and others, are exulting in the evidence which the tone of Mr. Beecher's speech betrays of growing conservatism on the question of slavery, and the friends of the slave are lamenting that his anti-slavery position is not more clear, unswerving and strong. Fifthly—It is alleged that Dr. Cheever is intemperate and violent. It is all nonsense (hear). Dr. Cheever does not hurl the scathing wrath of the Hebrew prophets, except when he quotes the Divine indignation, and is only as extreme and impractical as the Sermon on the Mount. Henry Ward Beecher is as fierce as Dr. Cheever when he is in the mood. Only his is just an explosion and done with it. I have read Dr. Cheever's "God against Slavery," his last thanksgiving sermon, and his lecture on John Brown, &c., and I defy anybody to select invective as vernacular as the following in Mr. Beecher's Harper Ferry Sermon: "Get timid priests out of the way, and lying societies, whose cowardice slanders the Gospel which they pretend to diffuse." The gentle Wesley called slavery "the sum of all villanies." Dr. Adam Clarke, in the coolness of the study, writing his commentary, penned: "How can any nation pretend to fast and worship God at all, or dare profess that they believe in the existence of such a Being, while they carry on what is called the slave trade, and traffic in the souls, and blood, and bodies of men? Oh, ye most flagitious of knaves, and worst of hypocrites! Put off at once the mask of religion, and deepen not your endless perdition by professing the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ while ye continue in this traffic!" I remember no passage in Dr. Cheever like that. No, no; the hostility to Dr. Cheever is not to be explained by the charge of rash words. Slaveholding and conniving Churches do not mind so much a few burning sentences. When they know that they need expect nothing more, they wince at the time, and all is over. It is when they dread *action* that they are aroused. Deep religious conviction, and calm, resolute, persistent exertion are the secret of retaliation. Society never troubles itself about hair-brained fanatics. They are always their own cure. The anger of Dr. Cheever's opponents is the proof that they know he is not mad. It is the impregnable force of his position and the resistless grip of his argument which make them writhe. Dr. Cheever cannot get a publisher for his last work in New York. Nay, worse, the Carters, who have published several of his books, dare not issue a neutral work on the sanctity of the Sabbath, which he has prepared for the press. Men are not thus frightened out of their propriety by the ill-temper of the insane. I

71.2009.085.01159

have not much patience with this talk about hard words. For what is human language permitted to develop its keenest utterances if not to strike down wicked things? There is no surer sign of benumbed sensibility, and of national declension in any special or general evil, than the prevalence of that squeamish euphemism which puts "*sweet for bitter*." Velvet adjectives must not clothe villanies. Every epithet for enormous iniquity ought to blister like a burning coal, and every sentence ought to be armed with the tail of a scorpion—all its startling pungency, but steeped in love instead of venom. There are [illegible] things so good, and some so bad, that they never [illegible] to appear except in superlatives. To this [illegible] belongs slavery.

> "O, ye cold hearted, frozen formalist!
> On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
> Passion is reason, and transport temper here."

Permit me to say, before I sit down, that I do not see, in looking over the field of the world, that we can do a greater or better work than to support Dr. Cheever in his position in New York. We ought to raise £500 or £1,000 for this object in Glasgow. It was never more important than now that we should make ourselves heard across the water on this question. People living in a great city can scarcely see the smoke which they are inhaling; but when you get a little way out in the country and look back, the dingy yellow stain dyes the blue sky with the sharpest distinctness. It will be of some service for Americans to know that we, who live out of the slave system, see as they do not the foul blot against God's clear heavens. When the olfactory organs are saturated with an ill odor, which is breathed from day to day and year to year, we become totally unconscious of its presence. But our untainted senses revolt at the shocking evils of slavery. I fear—but I hope that I am wrong—I fear that the time for gaining a *hearing* on this question in the United States *has gone by*. In consequence of a long course of silence, and compromise, and apology, truth has lost its power to penetrate, vitalize and illumine. Unless I am totally ignorant of American affairs in Church and State, they have arrived at that terrible crisis, when truth has become only a scorching and exasperating glare of condemnation. The history of a thousand nations proclaims that nothing remains to rectify the insulted laws of God and the injured rights of men but judgment, desolation and blood (hear). The Americans are bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, and blood of our blood, and surely are bound at least to hear us. Nay, we bought, at an enormous cost, the *right* to be *heard* by washing our hands from the terrible iniquity (cheers). Let it go forth as the calm, deliberate and solemn conviction of this meeting to-day that America cannot flourish while slavery is gnawing away its moral strength, and marring its spiritual beauty (applause). Let it be the prayer of every one that that country may yield to the quickening influence of the inspired truth of God, open like a flower to the light, and fling the hidden and pernicious worm forever from its bosom! The rev. gentleman sat down amidst great cheering.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, etc.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-Seventh Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the City of New York, at the Cooper Institute, on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, May 8th and 9th, commencing each day at 10 o'clock a. m.

Independent of all religious and political organizations, and dealing impartially with them all, this Society continues to pursue its grand distinctive object, THE IMMEDIATE AND TOTAL ABOLITION OF AMERICAN SLAVERY, without regard to geographical boundaries, by moral instrumentalities alone—animated by a spirit which seeks the safety, happiness and prosperity of every section of our widely-extended country, "knowing no East, no West, no North, no South," as such. Its "treason" is embodied in the Declaration of Independence, and its "fanaticism" in the Golden Rule. Declaring that man cannot be the property of man, it measures men, parties and institutions by this simple and unerring test, and will not yield to any compromise, or consent to any postponement of the claims of justice and humanity.

We trust it is needless to remind the members and friends of the Society that never were greater vigilance and activity demanded on their part than at the present time. The nation is just entering into another Presidential election, which will probably be unparalleled on the score of popular excitement, and which will present a powerful temptation to many to swerve from the strict line of rectitude, by lowering the Anti-Slavery standard for the sake of party success. "Let the dead bury their dead." Let us eschew all compromise and compromisers, and be faithful to our rallying-cry, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

There will be no lack of able and experienced speakers at the Anniversary. [Further particulars hereafter.]

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, C. C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

THE PRYOR AND POTTER AFFAIR.—We cannot forbear to express our deep regret that Mr Potter did not answer the challenge of Pryor by a distinct repudiation of the bloody code of the duellist as in conflict with the law of God and the dictates of humanity. Such a course on his part would have displayed a courage as far above that of the duellist as Christianity is in advance of barbarism. But we do not look to Northern members of Congress, in the present state of American politics, for displays of the highest type of Christian heroism; if they stand for freedom of debate against the threats of the Slave Oligarchy, we are thankful, however earnestly we may be constrained to condemn the means of defence to which they resort. We certainly do enjoy the discomfiture of the braggart Pryor, who had not the pluck to fight with the weapon which, more than any other, symbolizes the spirit of the South. The pretence that the Bowie knife is a weapon incompatible with the character of such "gentlemen" as are ever ready, on the slightest provocation, to send a challenge, is the richest joke of the season; and we do not wonder that it excites the derision of Pryor's own friends. "Occasional," in his letter of the 15th inst., to the Philadelphia *Press*, alludes to this matter as follows:

> "The discussion in reference to the Pryor and Potter difficulty is kept up in all circles with uncommon animation. The great question of the hour is, whether the Bowie knife is any more 'vulgar,' unchristian or savage than the pistol, the double-barrelled gun, the small-sword or the rapier. The friends of Potter are multiplying data and strengthening themselves by going back to the code of honor in the days of chivalry, and coming down to the present era. They allege that the battle-axe was the favorite weapon in the tournaments of old, and was used by the bravest and most polished knights of the middle ages. They contend that the small-sword exercise continues to be used in France, and the broad-sword in Germany, and that the preliminaries of these contests are duly and carefully arranged beforehand. They argue further, that the Bowie knife, being a Southern production, has been for long years regarded as an improvement upon all; that it is worn by many Southern gentlemen; and that, to this day, the Arkansas tooth-pick is regarded as an important part of the domestic economy of many of the most ardent advocates of the Southern code of honor. Among a large number of the Southern men this view of the Bowie knife question is heartily sustained. I forbear the use of names, but have heard several distinguished authorities quoted in proof of this remark."

MR. LOVEJOY'S SPEECH.—We did not obtain a copy of the Hon. Owen Lovejoy's speech in time to publish it this week. It will appear in our next. Of all the anti-slavery speeches ever made on the floor of Congress, it is one of the very best. It defines, elucidates and magnifies THE MORAL ISSUE which underlies the whole slavery question, but which most Congressional speakers, from motives of expediency, keep too much out of sight. Mr. Lovejoy stirred the wrath of the slaveholders as no other man has done since the session began, and that not by violating the proprieties of debate, but by a bold and fearless proclamation of truth.

"WHAT IS AN INFIDEL?"

SOME years ago, this charge was current among the clerical opponents of Anti-Slavery, namely: that its organs of communication with the public were in the habit of "sifting in" ideas respecting religion and theology, in their writings and lectures on slavery. They not only asserted this, but they seemed to prove it, to those who read their statements without making any farther investigation; for they quoted sentences from anti-slavery lectures and newspapers which plainly *did* refer to religion and theology, and then they proceeded to make this application: "See how dishonest the Abolitionists are, who, pretending to speak only of slavery, are constantly 'sifting in' these foreign topics"!

The explanation was that atrocious calumnies respecting the religion and theology of the more prominent Abolitionists were invented and circulated by the clergy, who could not but feel the fervent appeals of those men against slavery as "*a heinous sin in the sight of God*" to be a virtual reproach of their own guilty and pertinacious silence respecting it. They felt, they could not but feel, that the faithfulness of these men made their own unfaithfulness more conspicuous, and made ridiculous their pretension of being "watchmen on the walls of Zion"! "preachers of repentance"! "patterns of good works"! Being unwilling to reform, and also too proud to second the efforts of the men who had taken up *their* neglected duty, they raised an evil report against them, first misrepresenting their theology and religion, and then saying that the holders of such theology and religion ought not to be heard about slavery.

The Abolitionists have constantly found objections, growing out of these calumnies, brought into their meetings and into their newspapers, ever since they began to rebuke the clergy for their silence in regard to slavery. They have always preserved freedom of speech, even for opposers and objectors, in their meetings. *Now* the objectors, instead of answering the statements of the Abolitionist, began to say—"You are an infidel! Rev. Mr. A. says so; and Rev. Dr. B. says so; and why should we take the trouble to answer an infidel?" Then the lecturer had to stop and answer the objector, and to show that his whole course of argument was founded upon the Christian system, its letter and its spirit. This was easily done. The lecturer had usually only to refer them back to what he had just been saying, that slavery was "a heinous sin against God"—"a violation of the Golden Rule"—"a passing by the robbed and wounded on the other side"—a trampling down of those "little ones" to whom Christ has pointed us as his representatives in this world, and to whom help is to be rendered in their sickness, poverty, imprisonment, oppression, AS UNTO HIM!

Here the objectors, strong in the confidence that their ministers must be in the right, would again strike in with—"Oh, if you mean the slaves, these passages are not applicable to them! God has appointed them to be slaves. The black race are the children of Cain, bearing his mark, and they are also the children of Ham, whom God cursed and destined to be servants of the white race. Rev. Mr. A. and Rev. Dr. B. have proved that the Bible says so!"

Of course the lecturer must again follow the objectors, and show them these truths: that, in the first place, they misrepresent the Bible, which says that the posterity of Cain perished in the deluge—that the curse spoken of was not uttered by God, but by Noah, and that after a fit of drunkenness—that even Noah's curse was not uttered against Ham, but against Canaan, and that the denunciation of servitude against Canaan came no nearer fulfilment than the ordinary sayings of drunken men, since the majority of the descendants of Canaan (who, by the way, were white people and not black) were *not* made servants, but, after long dwelling in independent monarchies, according to their choice, were either mercilessly slaughtered, men, women and children, or driven away from their native land, by the Hebrews, under Joshua—and that, in the next place, *if* the Reverend apologists for slavery aforesaid really found something in the Bible to justify slaveholding as it is now practised in Virginia and Louisiana, (which the lecturer did not believe), *if* they really proved such justification of American slavery to exist there, so much the worse for the Bible; or, more accurately speaking, so much the worse for the Rev. gentlemen's hypothesis that the whole Bible is absolutely inspired of God!

Well, this of course would satisfy any candid and intelligent audience. But next came a repetition of the insinuation, first whispered, and then preached, and then published, among those hearers of Rev. Mr. A. and Rev. Mr. B. who had *not* heard the Abolitionist lecturer, that the latter was an infidel! that he spoke opprobriously and contemptuously of the Bible! and that he took pains to "sift in" his infidelity with his anti-slavery! These changes have been rung upon this ridiculous and abominable old calumny from that time to the present; and since *The Independent* has just returned to its work of repeating this charge, we must follow, and again, for the hundredth time, show it to be false.

> "The creature's at its dirty work again."

The housemaid does not prefer scouring to her other occupations, but she *must* repeat this process as long as filth is brought into her premises! The removal of obstructions piled in the way of anti-slavery is not only legitimate, but essential, anti-slavery work.

The Independent of week before last contained an editorial paragraph (which appears in the "Pro-Slavery" department of our last number) headed—"Mr. Garrison's Infidelity"—seeking to throw upon that gentleman the imputation that he "disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures, and the divine origin and authority of the truths which they contain," and speaking of his position as "sheer infidelity." And this is followed up by an article in *last* week's *Independent*, repeating the previous charges, and adding to them that Mr. Garrison "sneers at the Bible," and expresses "contemptuous disregard of the Bible."

Now, we do not speak upon this subject to vindicate Mr. Garrison. His noble, sincere, earnest, beneficent, self-sacrificing, Christian life is his vindication, to all who know him. Those who, like ourselves, have had the privilege of intimate acquaintance with him, and who have seen his private life as well as his public labors devoted to the interests of truth, justice and humanity, and beautifully illustrating the teaching of Jesus that love to God is best shown by love to man, know already that his life has been spent in the effort to cause "the truths of the Bible" to be more thoroughly reduced to practice; they know, without waiting for our assurance, that he *never* sneered at the Bible, never spoke contemptuously of it, but always, on the contrary, has been accustomed to draw from its armory his most pungent forms of denunciation of the wickedness of slaveholding; they know that his exposures, both of the oppression practised by slaveholders, and of the falsehood, treachery and hypocrisy of priests, have been constantly illustrated and enforced by his readings from the Old and New Testaments; they know that he never spoke of the contents of those books with other than undiscriminating veneration until he found that a pro-slavery clergy (falsely calling themselves "evangelical") had extensively persuaded the community that the Bible authorized slavery; and they know that his teaching ever since that time has been—1st, That this representation of the Bible as pro-slavery is a gross and wicked libel; 2d, that in so far as any one *succeeds in proving* the Bible to vindicate slavery, or any other form of absolute injustice, so far he succeeds in proving—not that the slavery or other injustice is right, but that that portion of the Bible is wrong, not the "word of God," not binding upon anybody as a rule. In short, those who know Mr. Garrison know that his course has invariably been to vindicate the justice of God against those clergymen who defended essential *injustice*, declared that it was authorized by God, and assumed that it was *proved* to be authorized by God by some expression in some one of the sixty-six books of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures.

Neither do we speak on this subject to reply to the Editors of *The Independent*. They have chosen to adhere to a course of wilful, deliberate and pertinacious falsehood respecting the Abolitionists, from which they are not likely to desist while Abolitionists remain in the minority. The correspondent who gave occasion to their second calumnious article, by remonstrating against the injustice of the first, has wasted his labor, as far as they are concerned. They make these charges no whit the less for knowing them to be lies; and the proof of particular falsehoods occurring in the editorial columns of *The Independent* has been too often given in THE STANDARD to allow of any astonishment in us, or our readers, at a repetition of such mendacity. They are joined to their idols.

But, for the sake of those readers of *The Independent* who have never seen, heard or read Mr. Garrison, and who may perchance see this number of THE STANDARD, it may be worth while to show how the actual language of Mr. Garrison is distorted and perverted, and how atrociously truth and justice are violated, in the attempt to make the accusations in question seem plausible.

The charges against Mr. Garrison in the two articles referred to—namely, the charges of, 1st, Being an infidel: 2d, Sneering at the Bible: 3d, Showing contemptuous disregard of the Bible—are founded on the following paragraph in a notice by that gentleman of Dr. Cheever's recent Biblical argument against slavery:

> "Dr. Cheever has here met the pro-slavery arguments drawn from the Bible with consummate logical acumen, scholarly ability, and irresistible power. We commend this work to all who profess to revere the Scriptures; at the same time protesting against making the rights of man to *depend upon any parchment whatever*."

Why did Mr. Garrison use the last expression in this paragraph? Because that expression, or some equivalent one, was absolutely needed, to remove an obstruction, thrown (by the clerical author of the book he was reviewing) in the way not only of anti-slavery, but of all thorough vindication of the rights which God originally gave, and still gives, to man, as man. Dr. Cheever had said in this very book (p. 21)—speaking of the doctrine concerning slavery in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures—"If it be not condemned *there*, it is in vain that we struggle for its overthrow." What! was not oppression wrong before the Jewish and Christian Scriptures were written? Are there no principles of *natural* right which are true independently of the existence of those Scriptures, and which bind, and ought to bind, those nations which have never seen either the New or the Old Testament? Are the dictates of justice, the appeals to an innate sense of the distinction between right and wrong, of no avail in opposition to South-side Adams of Boston and Deacon Netherland of Tennessee until we have convinced them of the soundness of Dr. Cheever's interpretation of Greek and Hebrew? The idea is preposterous! But, being an idea constantly favored and acted upon by the American clergy, and used by the majority of them with most pernicious effect in aiding the continuance of slavery, it was needful for Mr. Garrison to protest against it. Could he have done so in more moderate terms?

Then look at the assertion itself. It is not only true and just, but a truism, a self-evident truth! The rights of man were made when man himself was made! and therefore long before the existence of any "parchment," any record whatever! Every truth recorded in the Bible was written there because it was true, and was of course true before it was written! and has thus a foundation in nature and fact, entirely independent of its record upon parchment by some early Jew, or some early Christian. Dr. Cheever ought formally to withdraw and disavow a statement so erroneous and so practically pernicious. And until he does disavow it, until his generally sound and excellent book is freed from this alloy, other opponents of slavery must continue to make this discrimination.

Nevertheless, the simple assertion of Mr. Garrison, constrained by the necessity above mentioned, that there are such things as *rights of man*, independently of any specification of them in the Bible, is assumed by *The Independent* to be Infidelity—a sneer—and contemptuous disregard of the Bible! Let us see how these charges are made out, now that the protest of *The Independent's* correspondent has driven it from mere assumption to an attempt at argument.

The Independent asks—"What is an Infidel?"—and proceeds to adopt Webster's definition as the answer to its own question, first praising this particular definition as "exact and critical," and also asserting that his definitions, "in terms of theology and religion," uniformly bear this character. Webster defines an infidel as "*one who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures and the divine origin of Christianity*." The satisfaction of *The Independent* in this definition is so entire and absolute that it adds—"This is the true meaning of infidel when used as a distinctive term—neither more nor less can be fairly included in it." And it triumphantly concludes—"We stand, therefore, both upon our definition and the application of it."

See, now, what comes of having one's mind more bent upon calumny than upon truth. The definition does not bear out the application! This definition, so "exact and critical" that "neither more *nor less* can be fairly included" in the term infidel, contains two elements, the latter not less essential than the former. According to it, an infidel is "one who disbelieves the inspiration of the Scriptures *and* the divine origin of Christianity"! Now, even if Mr. Garrison's vindication of the justice of God, and of the title of every human being to the enjoyment of those rights which God gave to the race in creating it, be claimed to imply disbelief in the inspiration of the Scriptures—even then, we say, there is not the slightest ground for claiming the *second* essential element of the definition as applicable to him! His whole conduct of the anti-slavery enterprise, from the beginning to the present moment—his writings, from the Declaration of Sentiments of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which he wrote in 1833, to his call for the coming anniversary of that Society next month in New York—his denunciation of the slaveholder as guilty of "a heinous sin in the sight of God"—his specification of the slave as obviously one of those "little ones" to whom Jesus directed the special attention of his disciples—his rebuke of that great majority of the priesthood in this country who have arrayed themselves in deliberate and pertinacious complicity with the slaveholder against the slave, proving them, times without number, by abundant quotations from all parts of the Bible, to be false alike to God and man—and his resolute adherence (in spite of the opposition of this priesthood) to the specifically Christian view of God, as the Father and Friend of the whole human race, who demands of them practical love to each other *as the proof of their love to Him*—all these, we say, unite in proving, beyond question, that Mr. Garrison not only *believes* in the divine origin of Christianity, but conforms himself to that divine system; that he is not merely a "professor," or a "hearer," but "a doer of the work"!

Here is one more lie of *The Independent* nailed to the counter! But the great majority of its readers do not see THE STANDARD; and its clerical editors will probably pursue their accustomed method of saying nothing about the refutation, but continuing, from time to time, to repeat the lie as a truth!

THE KENTUCKY WAR.—The Kentucky mobocrats have finally concluded not to make any further attempt to drive Cassius M. Clay from the State. The Cincinnati *Commercial* of the 13th inst. says:

> "We learn that Messrs. Haley and Bland, the two Kentuckians named in Mr. C. M. Clay's late correspondence, and who were attacked by the committee of citizens in Madison County, Kentucky, at the time Mr. Hanson was driven out, arrived in this city last evening. They state that the reports published in the Louisville and Richmond papers of the recent *émeute* are almost wholly fictitious, as *ex parte* reports in times of excitement are apt to be.
>
> "The facts, as stated by Mr. Haley, are that the mob committee of twenty-four armed men, on horseback, met the anti-slavery men, twelve in number, who were on foot, in Berea, and, after a short parley, fired upon them. The Bereans returned the fire, and five of the committee, it is reported, were wounded—one only severely. This ended the matter for that time. The next day a party of several hundred came to seek Messrs. Bland and Haley, who had meanwhile taken the precaution to be out of the way. They remained among friends for about ten days, and then came to this city. Their families are still in Madison County. The excitement has nearly died away, and now consists principally of threats and muttered curses against the escaped 'Abolitionists,' who would doubtless fare hardly were they to return in the present state of feeling. Mr. Hanson is reported to be in a place of safety, and is expected to reach the city to-day."

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The annual exhibition of this institution is now open in the rooms on Tenth street, near Broadway. If it contains no work of preëminent merit, it may be said with truth that the average quality of the paintings shows an improvement upon former exhibitions, and that of the whole number there are not a few worthy of careful study. Our friends in the country should not fail, on coming here, to visit the gallery in Tenth street. It will be open during anniversary week; and as it is only a few steps from the Cooper Institute, they can easily find time to see all that it contains.

THE AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY.

MRS. MARTINEAU, in a letter dated Sept. 26th, 1859, and published in THE STANDARD of Oct. 29th, called our attention to this Society in a paragraph which we now reprint, as follows:

> "I hope you will tell us, some day soon, how the movement for the Civilization of Africa is regarded by Abolitionists in the United States. At the Manchester meeting on its behalf, the support of the Abolitionists and the free people of color in the United States was declared to be obtained. May we understand that it is the work of patriotic and enlightened citizens of color, and believed by your Anti Slavery Society to be a scheme of promise for the negro race? We do not wish to encourage a habit of suspicion; but the history of Liberia and some other histories teach us to examine every work proposed to us, and the promoters of a sound enterprise will never object to such examination. Some Manchester aspirants after cotton strongly supported the enterprise at the meeting; and it is no doubt true that the production of cotton in Africa may at once conduce to the advancement of negro civilization and English manufactures. We only want to be assured that the scheme is completely understood, and may be taken as a genuine movement of your fellow-citizens of color."

We delayed replying to Mrs. Martineau's inquiry, not because we had any doubt what the substance of our answer should be, but for the purpose of obtaining information that would enable us to speak with higher authority. In the overwhelming excitement that followed the affair at Harper's Ferry, the subject was crowded from our mind, and only recalled by the announcement that the colored people of New York were about to hold a public meeting to pass judgment upon the African Civilization Society. That meeting was held at Zion Church, on the evening of April 12th. The attendance was numerous, and we understand that the great majority of those present were unmistakably opposed to the Society and to all schemes designed, upon whatever plausible pretences, to induce the colored people of this country to leave their native land; but the friends of the Society, though not very numerous, were strong enough to create a disturbance amounting almost to a riot, and that baffled in part the objects for which the meeting was convened. This fact, however, to those who are acquainted with all the circumstances, affords no reason whatever for doubting that the colored people of this city are almost unanimously opposed to the efforts of the Civilization Society to induce them to emigrate to Africa. And, from all that we can learn, we believe that the great body of colored people throughout the free States are one in sentiment with their brethren here.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. George T. Downing, and the following persons chosen as officers:

President—WM. A. TYSON.

Vice Presidents—Rev. Messrs. Gray, Pennington, Hall, Dorrell and Tilghman.

Secretaries—Messrs. John V. Given, Marshall Hunter and Dr. DeGrasse.

Letters were read from several intelligent and influential colored men, viz.: ROBERT PURVIS, Byberry, Pa.; WILLIAM C. NELL and WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, Boston; FRANKLIN TURNER and JOHN C. BOWERS, Philadelphia; JOHN F. WAUGH, Providence; EZRA R. JOHNSON, New Bedford. These all avowed a belief that "the best judgment" of the colored people is in favor of remaining in their native land and struggling hopefully for the attainment of all their rights. The following letter conveying the sentiments of Gerrit Smith by the hand of his daughter was also read:

PETERBORO, March 29, 1860.

My father thanks you for the honor done him by your letter. He deems it no small honor to be numbered by you among the colored people's friends. He would answer you with his own hand, but he has written no letter since his return from the asylum. His health is, however, improving, and we trust it will soon be better every way than it has been for years.

My father thinks that there may be good sense as well as benevolence in these schemes for inducing colored Americans to emigrate to Africa, Hayti, Central America, &c. Nevertheless, he fears they may work great evil by the exaggerated views of their importance and effects. For instance, should these schemes contribute to create, or rather to increase, the feeling that this land is not the home of the great mass of these Americans, then will they prove very pernicious. Nothing is more indispensable, in his judgment, to the well-doing of these Americans than their abiding sense that their native land is their own land; and that they have as much right and as much reason as the whites have to look upon it as their home. One of my father's cherished opinions is that his colored brethren should look with no favor upon any of these emigrating schemes that do not in their terms, and on the part of their founders and upholders, expressly acknowledge a perfect equality between the rights of the black man and the rights of the white man. Let the black man account no white man as his friend, or, indeed, as other than his enemy, who does not accord, as fully to the black race as the white, political, civil, ecclesiastical and social rights, as well on this soil as on any other.

Accept from my father his warm regards. Your friend,

ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER.

The following letter we insert because it embodies in a brief compass our own answer to Mrs. Martineau's inquiry as to the attitude of the Abolitionists to the emigration scheme.

OFFICE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, }
No. 5 Beekman St., April 11, 1860. }

DEAR SIR: You tell me that "agents of the African Civilization Society have said in Europe that that Society had obtained the sanction of the Abolitionists of America," and you ask me if such is the fact. I do not hesitate to say, in reply, that if those agents have made such a statement, they are guilty of an attempt to deceive the philanthropic citizens of Europe. The opinions of the Abolitionists of this country are to be sought in the proceedings of their societies, in their newspapers and pamphlets, and in the declarations of their representative men; and I venture to say that from neither of these sources can anything be drawn to substantiate the allegation alluded to. While the Abolitionists believe that colored as well as white people have an inalienable right to choose for themselves their place of residence and their spheres of employment and enterprise, they are not likely to regard with favor a scheme which assumes the invincibility of complexional prejudice, injustice and proscription, and which, instead of summoning the free colored people of this country to an exterminating war against slavery, and to united and earnest efforts for the removal of the obstacles which hinder their physical, intellectual and moral advancement in their native land, would fain persuade them to retire from this grand conflict and seek a home in the wilds of Africa. If a single prominent Abolitionist has spoken a word of commendation of any such scheme, I am ignorant of the fact. For myself, I can see no good reason why the people of color should leave the land of their birth, while the reasons for remaining here and struggling patiently and persistently for the attainment of all their rights are so weighty and so clear that I wonder there should be any doubt on the subject in the minds of any of them.

It is no doubt true that among the white champions of the African Civilization Society there are some intelligent and sincere opponents of slavery, but I have observed that those most prominent in the scheme are from the class which has always disparaged the anti-slavery movement, and which seeks, by activity in such specious but delusive enterprises, to excuse itself from taking part in any earnest anti-slavery work.

OLIVER JOHNSON,
Editor Anti-slavery Standard.

The following resolutions were adopted by the meeting, and may be regarded as expressing the sentiments of the great mass of the colored people.

Whereas the African Civilization Society, in its representatives abroad and its workings here at home, is pursuing a policy calculated to build up anew the partially broken down wall of prejudice which so hindered our elevation; and whereas we have reason to believe that, besides misleading our own people, it is regarded with favor by our haters (the colonizationists), as a new name under which we can be induced, without suspicion, to deny our past hostility to their hated society; therefore, we consider it proper to declare our views of the African Civilization Society by the following resolutions:

Resolved, That whereas Harriet Martineau has written a letter to this country asking for information relative to the African Civilization Society, in which she says that certain agents of that Society are representing in Europe that "the support of the Abolitionists and the free people of color in the United States is obtained" in its favor; we, in response thereto, and because truth and justice demand it, do declare to the world our uncompromising condemnation of and opposition to said Society; we declare said agents' representations to be not founded in fact.

Resolved, That this "condemnation of and opposition to" this society is not because of any indifference on our part to the civilizing of Africa, or any part of God's earth that needs civilizing; it is not because we would not have Africa enlightened; it is not because we would not have a pure Christianity carried there; it is not because we would not have any man go anywhere to benefit his condition; it is not because we are opposed to the cultivation of cotton in Africa; but because we believe the African Civilization Society to be no other than an auxiliary to the negro-hating American Colonization Society; and that both are alike exercising a depressing influence upon the welfare of the colored man in this country, and would have him leave the same.

Resolved, That both Societies partake of a like deceptive character; that we place as much confidence in one as in the other when they assert, through constitutions or otherwise, that they would colonize us only with our own consent; we believe that our oppressors—those supporting these Societies with their moneys, hiring colored men to advocate these interests—would use direct coercive measures to force us from our homes, whenever they should deem it their policy so to do.

Resolved, That as the Republican party is deceptively advancing the idea, for political ends, of "shipping off the negro," with the sole purpose of parrying off the charges of being "negro worshippers," it is unfortunate that a Society with a colored man for its figure-head should exist favoring their ends.

Resolved, That the existence of this African Colonization Society is further deplorable, because it holds out to those that would have us out of the country the idea that we may be induced to leave, and thereby feeds and gives strength to a prejudice existing against us; because it keeps needful deeds from being done here for us, which might otherwise be done.

Resolved, That we wish it to be most firmly fixed in the minds of our fellow-countrymen, the American people, that we as a body, in any number, do not intend to leave this our home—that we intend to stay here; to have our children enjoy a victory over hate and wrong, the promise of which is every day indicating itself.

Resolved, That we have not a single worthy able man to spare from our midst, because of the needful work to be done here; that Africa needs no worthless men, and that, in fact, judging from the recent reliable accounts therefrom, there is industry, intelligence, enterprise and a morality true of the country, which would put to blush many of those whom the Society would send there; which would alike be true of very many of the dominant class of our countrymen.

Resolved, That we earnestly solicit the Rev. Messrs. Smith, Cuyler, McClintock, Hague, Bourne, Tyng and others, co-workers in behalf of the African Civilization Society, to do something for us here—here, at home—by breaking down caste in their churches, in their schools, in the workshop, in the matter of the elective franchise, as an earnest of sincerity on their part in prating so loudly and so incessantly about their regard for us in connection with the evangelizing and civilizing of Africa, to which prating they have lately added the cultivation of cotton.

Resolved, That "The African Civilization Society," having called at different times to its platform gentlemen who are not only friends of but members and open defenders of, "The American Colonization Society," has, by this course, shown a desire to break down the wall of separation between this last named Society and our known opposition to and utter detestation of it; and inviting for itself the new name of "Deceptive Auxiliary to the American Colonization Society"; and we brand it as such.

Resolved, That our hope for the emancipation of the slave in this country does not rest either on the cultivation of cotton in Africa or on the building up of a negro nationality there; but on the radical change of public opinion here, to be brought about by a continued anti-slavery agitation.

MR. BEECHER MAKING AN APOLOGY.

MR. BEECHER'S stinging rebuke of the Trustees of his Church for shutting their doors in the face of WENDELL PHILLIPS created an intense excitement in his congregation. Four of the Trustees are said to have resigned in indignation. On Sunday morning last, immediately before the sermon, Mr. Beecher took occasion to withdraw his censure of the Trustees in terms which *The Times* thus reports:

> "I think many of you will be better prepared to be profited by the sermon if I premise a word or two of explanation with reference to a matter which has now become very public. I allude to the remarks I made last Sabbath evening respecting the denial of this church to Mr. Phillips, for the delivery of his address on the Dissolution of the Union.
>
> "I thought at that time, from information derived both from the papers and from gentlemen that I presumed knew the facts in the case, that there had been, through timidity, a disposition on the part of the Trustees of this Church to prevent any trouble and unpopularity that might seem to accrue from yielding this room to Mr. Phillips. I thought there had been a disposition on their part, through prudence, to withdraw the Church from any peril and risk. And I need not tell you that any such consideration as that would have a peculiar tendency to stir me up to the very bottom of my life. For if there is anything that I greatly admire, it is that courage which enables any man, or any body of men, to take all the proper risks that belong to right-doing; and if there is anything which exceedingly arouses my indignation, it is to see those who are nearest and dearest to me refusing to uphold the right because they are afraid of the consequences.
>
> "Supposing such to be the facts in the case, I expressed my mind on the subject, and did it, I presume, in a manner that was entirely understood. It now gives me great pleasure to say that, after having had an interview and full conference with the gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I am satisfied that the withholding of the use of this church on the occasion in question was not dictated by any spirit of unwillingness to tolerate free speech. Although there was a division in their counsels—although some wished to restrict the use of the church more than others—yet the issue, as I understood it, was that they did not feel that they were legally empowered to act as a Board of Trustees. The whole event took place about 9 1-2 o'clock on Monday evening; and as the lecture was for Tuesday night, it was necessary that the notices announcing the change of place should be in the papers of the next morning. The Board of Trustees were not in session. A few gentlemen belonging to the Board were informally consulting with regard to the fiscal matters of the new church. The reason alleged, I am informed, at that time, and felt by all more or less, among others, for refusing the use of the church to Mr. Phillips, was that they had no right to act as a Board of Trustees, and that there was no time to call a regular meeting of the Board that night. I am also informed that so far from having a disposition to gag or thwart Mr. Phillips, there was on the part of several of those who declined to vote for opening the church a willingness to pay the expense of hiring a hall for his use, while they declared by their vote that they had no power, as a Board of Trustees, to grant the use of the church. Several of them were forward to say that they themselves would become responsible for all the expenses of any hall that could be obtained.
>
> "Now, I desire to so far retract the remarks of last Sunday evening, as they bear upon the action of the Trustees of this Church. I take back nothing that I said of the sacredness of free speech, nor anything that I said about the cowardice of a Church that is afraid to expose itself to unpopularity for the sake of asserting the truth. And if I now supposed that the Trustees of this Church had, in a spirit of worldly prudence, sacrificed that great principle that underlies all rights, and which is first and before all questions, I should not hesitate to reaffirm every word that I formerly uttered.
>
> "But I now understand that there was no attempt to limit or check free speech; that they only declined exercising the functions of the Board of Trustees because but a part of its members were present, informally acting on other matters, and with no organization or right to act as Trustees, and that the application was made to them between 9 and 10 o'clock of the night, when they could not call a meeting in a regular manner. I have also received the fullest assurance from several who declined to act that, if the matter had come before them in a regular manner, and at a regular meeting, there would have been no doubt that the house might have been obtained. I now desire to retract whatever I said, last Sunday night, in relation to the motives and the action of the Trustees.
>
> "I need scarcely say that, while I cheerfully and gladly make this retraction in behalf of those members of the Board of Trustees concerned, I would not, in any other respect, weaken a word that I said! But one word more. It is my constant endeavor among you to be fearlessly faithful, both in the encouragement of good and in the rebuke of evil. The more I love you, and in proportion as you are near to me in personal friendship, shall I always deal decisively and faithfully with wrong-doing; and if I should ever think that there was any wavering or instability of principle among you, I would not hesitate to hew it as with an axe. But if in doing this I ever do it in haste, or under misapprehension, or in any way by mistake, may my right hand forget her cunning, and may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I fail instantly, as soon as I am apprised that I am mistaken, to make a rectification just as openly, and, if anything, more vehemently, than I made the mistake. For that is Christian—that is right. Now, then, I will preach."

It is our belief that Mr. Beecher is the victim of deception on the part of some of his Trustees. If the matter were probed to the bottom, it would, we verily believe, be clearly seen that they have escaped from their dilemma in a way utterly discreditable to their Christian profession. We might say more, but we forbear.

TOO YOUNG TO BE PRESIDENT.—The facetious Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, alluding to the efforts of certain Republican politicians to secure the nomination of Judge McLean at Chicago, objects to the movement very decidedly, as follows:

> "It strikes me that the great fault with him is his youth. It won't do to run a boy; an airy, flighty, skipping, impulsive youngster like Johnny McLean. Why, he is only 94, some people say only 84. I saw in a Cincinnati paper some reminiscences written by him, in which he speaks of making a visit with his father to some place, in the year 1776. He was then in his eleventh year. This would make him 94. This is altogether too young. If we expect to get the confidence and the votes of the conservatives, we must not take a candidate who is less than a hundred and ten. This is the very lowest figure. For my part, I should prefer a man who had reached the mature age of 130 or even 140. We might then hope to bring in to our aid such men as Mr. Everett and Mr. Washington Hunt, and Mr. Crittenden, and Mr. Hillard, and Mr. Augustus Cæsar Carey and Mr. B. Flint King. And we cannot do without this class of men. If we can find a man who remembers Braddock's defeat, or the siege of Louisburg, we shall get along well enough. But we can do nothing with one who was merely a boy when the revolution broke out. What can be expected to know, except from hearsay and tradition, of the principles of 'the fathers'? And hearsay and tradition are very imperfect guides. No, no! This coming election must be contested on grave principles. Let's have no boy's play. If McLean wants to engage in politics, let him get up a wide-awake organization of his playmates in Cincinnati, and, after the election, we'll let him be appointed a cadet at West Point, or a midshipman in the navy. By and by, if he is not cut off in his youth, he may aspire to something else. But President, pooh! pooh! This is carrying the Young American joke too far."

DR. SUMNER STEBBINS, after an absence of several years, has returned to Chester County, Pa., and resumed the practice of his profession among his former neighbors and friends. For some time past he has been the editor of the Marshall (Mich.) *Statesman*, a Republican paper, which he has conducted with signal ability. His friends in Marshall gave him a complimentary supper previous to his departure from that place.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXVII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent objurgateth the types for their liberties with his Natural History—He deploreth possible consequences—And displayeth much scientific and classic lore—His opinions touching the New Battle of Concord—He relateth the fears of the people in view of the dangers of the Ocean—His views as to the Democracy at Sea and on Shore—He groweth National—He giveth a brief account of how the General Court hath learnt not to do it—He discommendeth and commendeth Gov. Banks—And why—Dangers to Boston Harbor—The Correspondent commendeth legislative liberality—And specifieth the particulars—Also the Rewards of Riding—He repelleth slander and is defiantly but sectionally patriotic, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, April 16, 1860.

I WISH your types would mind what they are about. In my last letter, in the quotation from Mr. Hillard's speech at what *The Tribune* profanely calls the Old Gentlemen's Convention, made for the purpose of claiming my rights of property in certain animals which he had appropriated, a very grave error is to be discerned. At least, it is to be discerned when pointed out; though, I fear, it may have puzzled the lieges to make out what the characters used denoted. The vicious intromission, to use a Scotch law term, is to be found where I make Mr. Hillard say that both cats and tigers "have XX teeth to rend," &c., &c. Now, just consider the confusion of ideas this cabalistic array of Roman Numerals must have had upon the minds of most of your exchanges—who cannot be supposed, with a few rare exceptions, to possess the intelligence of your subscribers—and the perplexity into which you must have cast even this more enlightened section of your readers. It might have driven some of the weaker-minded of the first sort to furious lunacy. Why *twenty* teeth! Whence arose the necessity of specifying that particular number? Why not go into the detail of molars, bicuspidates, cheek-teeth and all the rest of it? And besides, it is a statement that not only doth injustice to Mr. Hillard's knowledge of Natural History and my own, but to the animals themselves, the property in which is the question at issue. For cats and tigers certainly have more than *twenty* teeth. Their allowance of these amiable implements is nearer thirty, if not quite, unless I am greatly mistaken in my recollection. This painful state of things arose from the compositor mistaking the asterisks which I had interposed to mark an omission of some words between these "have * * teeth," &c., for the Roman Numerals. Thus I afforded a new illustration of the Horatian complaint,

> "Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio,"

and became obscure in my effort to be brief. But, on the other hand, it gave me a practical illustration of the Virgilian quotation—inscribed on the revolver presented to Miss Sanborn of Concord—"*Sic itur ad astra!*"—though I should have thought the direction in which that testimonial was intended to send those for whose benefit it was designed was the opposite one from the stars.

That newest edition of the Concord Fight, with emendations and additions, bringing it down to the present time, has been the principal event of the past fortnight. But you have given all its particulars, in the most authentic form, so fully that you have left nothing for me to tell, or your readers to desire. It was certainly an odd commentary on the text of the Revolution, that the government replacing that of George III. should claim the privilege of taking a man by night, out of his bed, if possible, and carrying him before it, not as a criminal, but as a witness! And also that the Law Officers of our Crown should put the right of the Senate to do this on the ground of the powers of the very Parliament the Revolution was fought against! It was to be delivered from the Omnipotence of that Parliament that the Revolution was waged, and now we are told that we hold our own personal liberties at the mercy of our House of Lords, because of that very English Omnipotence. This is the account and the sense (or nonsense) of the Exceptions filed by Mr. District-Attorney Woodbury to Judge Shaw's decision discharging Mr. Sanborn. Should the attempt on his person be repeated, I trust that this question will be fully settled by our Supreme Court—the question, that is, whether a House of Congress has the power to carry a man out of Massachusetts by its inherent omnipotence. Of course, all protection rests with the State. Should the Senate send a party of mutes and bowstring a refractory witness in his own bed-chamber, the Supreme Court of the United States would rule that he was served right. The question, I see, is mooted in the political papers as to what would have happened had the Supreme Judges remanded Mr. Sanborn back to the custody of the Under-Sergeant-at-Arms—who, perhaps, might be properly styled the Corporal-at-Arms. Perhaps it was as well for all parties that there was no occasion for a practical solution of this doubt. It is not very likely the surrender would have been made without a struggle, for men's blood was up, the odds were vastly against the minions of the Senate, and, you know, there is a great difference between a free white man and a black slave! There is a story floating about that "the grim Sergeant" McNair, in his own sacred official person, hath been seen prowling about the vicinage, within a day or two. Whether he will make a spring, or not, you will know probably before this letter appears, and as well as what may follow from the same.

We are in a state of great anxiety and apprehension just now, because of the perils by sea of a most valued portion of our inhabitants. Last Friday afternoon, the unluckiest day of the week, and the day of the month the inauspicious *thirteenth*, did the elect of our Democrats commit themselves to the mercy of the winds and waves and to the casualties of steam. One hundred true and tried men, keen of scent on a slave-hunt, sharp of tooth and sure of hold, men on whom the men who own our Glorious Union can depend as on their own overseers, were launched upon the bosom of the briny deep, on their route to Charleston. Just suppose that this gallant ship-load of patriotism should go to wreck! Imagine us bereft of our Cushing, our Hallett, our Freeman, through the perfidy of this fatal bark and the conspiring malice of seas and rocks! It was too much to trust so many in one frail bottom. If they must be sent round by sea, why could they not have been divided into separate parcels and despatched by different opportunities, so that our chances of losing all at once should not be so great? To be sure, this wish of affection would have defeated the end of the expedition, which was to defeat the schemes of the inhospitable savages of those barbarous coasts who were sharpening their hungry teeth in the prospect of of having a full meal, for the first time in their lives. Terrified at the reports which had reached them of the preparations the Charleston Ogres were making "to grind their bones to make them bread," they bethought themselves of a precautionary counterplot. So they hired a steamer and proposed carrying their own hotel along with them, so that they could "take a sight" at the Charleston landlords without these last getting a sight of them. The number was limited to One Hundred, "to make it pleasant to all." I suppose this is about as much Democracy as can well bear transportation in one bottom. I take it there is a point at which the endurance even of Democrats of one another ceases to be a virtue.

> "The bliss but to a certain bound;
> Beyond 'tis agony!"

At any rate, this was the regulation, and on Friday they set off, intending to stop at Baltimore on the way. But I see a suggestion that the crafty Bonifaces may yet be too many for these Yankees and the trick they are chuckling over. The Councils of Charleston have been petitioned to forbid any such vessel from landing passengers, for the purpose of compelling them to land at some other port, so as to rob them of their floating hostelry. Of course, this would be clearly contrary to law, but what of that? So were the police regulations for imprisoning and selling black sailors. They have precisely the same right to imprison and sell these white landlubbers, should they choose to exert it—though I cannot, on abstract principles, approve of the transaction—I warrant them for faithful and obedient slaves, and, if put to work on the plantations, we should at least have the consolation of knowing that they were never so usefully employed before.

Our Great and General Court has adjourned since I wrote last. It chiefly distinguished itself by what it did not do, rather than by what it did. It did not provide further securities for the Personal Liberty of all men upon the soil of Massachusetts, nor vote the expulsion of [illegible] molten abomination from before their faces. To be sure, he has enough sense of propriety to turn his back upon these poor creatures, as he looks loyally to the [illegible] notwithstanding the scurvy treatment he received at their hands. I told you of Governor Banks's Veto of the Militia Bill, which proposed to give black men the same right with white ones to play at soldiers. He did the same execution to an Act for Supplying [illegible]town with Water, on the very sufficient reason (if [illegible]) that the diversion of the Mystic river, from which the supply was to be had, would tend to the damage of Boston harbor. Water can be procured for the good people of Charlestown at not much greater expense from other sources, and it would be much better to make them a grant of the difference than to run the risk of damaging the harbor. That work is doing fast enough now from the washing away of the islands on the one side and the filling it up for stores on the other. One of the greatest grudges I have against the British is that, during the siege of Boston, the army cut down the trees on the harbor islands, thus destroying their beauty and making them less capable of resisting the action of the sea. They must be protected by sea-walls, before long, by the nation or the State, or Boston may become as Tyre, a place for fishermen to dry their nets upon.

Our General Court, besides its legislative action, afforded evidence that the Yankee character is not so entirely destitute of that enlarged generosity which is generally supposed to be monopolized by the chivalry of the South. Just before adjournment, both Houses distinguished themselves by gifts of silver and gifts of gold to the fortunate persons who received the biggest pay in the State House. At least this was the case with the beneficiaries of the lower House, whose Speaker, Clerk and Sergeant-at-Arms were made happy in testimonials of a gold watch, silver pitchers, tea set and other tokens of legislative affection. As these officers receive each about $2000 per annum for their services, and the members who made the gifts only $300, the merits on the one side and the magnanimity on the other are beyond dispute. In the Senate, I believe, the tributes were confined to the two members who were distinguished by the opposite virtues of being the Oldest and the Youngest members! I see *The Tribune* had the impertinence to make fun of these munificent manifestations, and carried its audacity to the pitch of inferring that the age and youth of these latter beneficiaries must be extreme, from the fact that they are both Democrats! But this fever of generosity was shown not to be endemic at the State House only, by another testimonial bestowed elsewhere on another meritorious person. This was one Mr. Nixon, who received a gift of plate from enthusiastic admirers in testimony of their sense of his virtue in having made a large sum of money out of them with a horse-riding, such as Mr. Gradgrind so strongly condemned, commonly called a Circus. His performances were held in a building called the Academy of Music. This is not, as one might suppose from its name, a place of Musical Instruction; but, as I have been assured by credible persons who have visited it, nothing more nor less than a play-house for the representation of Operas—a species of stage-plays, as I understand, which are sung instead of being spoken, and that in some outlandish tongue. There are ill-natured persons, indeed, who hold that this testimonial was paid for by the beneficiary out of his own pocket, as was the case with the embossed coal-scuttle presented to the Hon. Samuel Slumkey by the free and enlightened electors of Eatonsville. But I defy these miscreants to the proof, and hurl this example of generosity in the teeth of all comers who accuse us Yankees of meanness in the dispensation of our money.

D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 16, 1860.

WE have had a Washington panic since I wrote you last—a panic extending from the President down to the humblest colored man in the city. The cause of it was a certain member of Congress, not entirely unknown to fame, by name Roger Pryor, of Virginia. You know his character and reputation. A man of good intellect, constitutionally a bully, and educated to think more of "chivalry" than intellect, and hence a duellist, a fighter, and ready on the slightest provocation to have a crack of the pistol at another man's head. Since he has been in Congress his conduct towards Judge Nelson of Tennessee, John Hickman of Pennsylvania and Potter of Wisconsin has been such as to lead Northern men to think that his principal mission in Congress is to intimidate those who oppose him on the slavery question. Be that as it may, he has borne himself somewhat defiantly towards Republicans since the session opened, and not much love has been lost between them.

In the Lovejoy *fracas*, to which I alluded last week, Mr. Potter took a very prominent part, in defence of Mr. Lovejoy, and replied somewhat tartly to Pryor upon that occasion. The reporter did not hear *all* of Mr. Potter's remarks on the occasion, and, as is usual in such cases, he supplied the sentences unreported, at *The Globe* office. Pryor did not like this, and erased them from the copy with his own hand. Potter ordered them in again and saw that they were printed. Out of this came the quarrel, if it can be called a quarrel, for there was but one person in it. Pryor was bloodthirsty, and sent Potter a challenge in the usual form. The Wisconsin member was opposed to duelling, regarded the code as barbarous, but he had a very strong desire to test the Virginia member—to propose a conflict with him which would test the *animal pluck* of both—which would perhaps teach the young gentleman more modesty in future in the House. So he agreed to fight Pryor with Bowie knives. This would put them both upon terms of equality. As for pistols, Potter knew nothing of them, and Pryor has been practising with them all his life. To meet him with them would be simply to give Pryor a chance to kill him without any real danger himself. This doubtless would suit the "chivalry." But to meet with knives and settle the quarrel would be fair and would accomplish good, for it would put a stop to challenges in future. It accomplished more than this in fact, for it caused Mr. Pryor to back out of the affair entirely, through his second, Mr. Chrisman. He would not fight with Bowie knives, and Potter would not with pistols, and Potter, being challenged, had the right of choice in the weapons. Knives are barbarous, says Pryor. It is the code, replies Potter; but if you thirst for my blood, come on with your Bowie—*I* have the pluck to meet you with that! No, I thank you, replies Virginia. It was the most sensible act of Pryor's life. No one doubts his courage because he wouldn't submit to be cut to pieces by Potter—nor does any intelligent man believe him one whit more courageous because he has fought several duels in the course of his life. Grow refused to fight a duel with Branch for the very reason that Pryor declines the knife controversy with Potter—because of the barbarity of the code.

Of course Potter and the Republicans feel in good spirits, and Virginia is a little down. The Republican is "the upper dog in the fight" in a certain sense, Pryor having picked the quarrel and invited the conflict.

Why will not the Fire-Eaters learn a lesson from this affair? That if a struggle should be forced upon the North by the slavery propagandists—if war should come, and war to perpetuate human slavery, it would indeed be a war *to the knife*, and in such a conflict it would be found that the Northern yeomanry could face death in its most appalling shapes rather than submit to be conquered by the slave-drivers. This is the moral of the Pryor-Potter difficulty.

As for Mr. Potter, he is one of the quietest of men and is no bully. But when Southern men, as in the Lovejoy disturbance, threaten to overpower the Northern members by physical force, then Mr. Potter is ready to wield his strong right arm in defence of free speech. It was in the Grow-Keitt squabble that he won imperishable honors by knocking off Barksdale's wig, and the fact that this act added at least two thousand votes to his majority in the last Congressional election shows that Northern men delight to honor those of their representatives who exhibit *pluck* in their intercourse with the slaveholders.

The passage of the Kansas bill through the House by a large majority last week will make it a memorable week, especially if it goes through the Senate, and Kansas comes into the Union—which is doubtful. The Democratic members of the House dared not stand out against the bill, well-knowing that it would cost them their seats if they did.

In the Senate no measure of importance was voted on, though there was a brief debate on the question of human rights on Thursday evening. It came up on the School bill for the District. Mr. Hale moved an amendment to the bill giving a part of the proposed appropriation to the free colored children of the District. This proposition called forth angry exclamations from certain slaveholding Senators. Mr. Wilson and Jefferson Davis had a very severe and personal encounter—of the tongue and intellect of course, not physical. I believe Mr. Davis was willing to cry "enough" at the close, for he found that the "Natick cobbler" was a little too much for the Southern nabob. Wilson met him like a man and told him some very plain truths, which he could not have relished, but which did him good.

So you see the "Irrepressible conflict" goes on. To-day it is John Brown against slavery—the next Potter vs. Pryor, Virginia chivalry and Wisconsin pluck—the next Wilson against Jefferson Davis on free colored children in the District. So the battle rages, and so it *will* rage till slavery is overthrown.

AVON.

THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—Dr. Cheever will preach a sermon before this Society on Sunday evening, May 6th, in the Church of the Puritans. On Monday evening, May 7th, the Society will hold a meeting in the same place, when addresses will be delivered by several friends of the cause.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU.—XXVIII.

MARCH 26, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: It will be no news to you that all Europe is in mourning, in the midst of its joy and thankfulness for the liberation of Northern Italy. The freest territory in Europe, old Savoy, whose people, with their primitive Christianity and their mountain liberties, have always been a peculiarly interesting feature of European life, are now delivered over, bound hand and foot, to France, without having had opportunity even to remonstrate. There they are, liable to the conscription, to the enormous French taxation, and to the gag which will make them dumb through the press, and afraid to speak in their own houses! Their nationality is at an end; their political existence is quenched; French soldiers are already swarming in their roads and towns; and there seems no possibility of helping them. Their own sovereign has delivered them up. Under what compulsion nobody perhaps knows but himself and his minister. But we find ourselves obliged to separate our sympathy with the liberated Italians from our feelings towards the King and Count Cavour. From whatever cause, the fact remains that those two men last year delivered up the child-princess, Clotilde, to be the wife of the man who is called "the greatest scoundrel in Europe"; and that they have now yielded up a brave people, the very representatives of liberty, to slavery under the empire which is the very representative of despotism in its last degree. Moreover the deed has been dishonestly done. There has been not only concealment, but ambiguous language on the part of Count Cavour himself. The King and he have availed themselves of the support and encouragement of England from the moment when the treachery and falsehood of France appeared; and they accepted our sympathy and help without a word of intimation of the sacrifice promised to France. So far have they forfeited our respect and sympathy; but the forfeiture does not extend beyond the two men. We rejoice and glory in the Italians more fervently than ever; and their conduct does merit the homage of all lovers of freedom. Our efforts must now be directed to prevent the absorption by France of the provinces of Savoy, which are a neutral territory under the guardianship of the European powers, for the preservation of Switzerland. That free and peaceable nation—our one European republic—is in consternation and wrath unspeakable at the prospect of seeing the southern shore of Lake Leman made French. Its government has formally appealed to the European Powers to keep the French out of the neutral territory which is the only defence of Switzerland. At any other time, the attempt of the Emperor would be a *casus belli*, practically as well as by treaty; and possibly it may be so now; but Austria is unable to do anything but stand shivering on the brink of destruction; Russia is in difficulties, so that even the serf-emancipation is reported to be deferred for a term of years; Prussia may perhaps be willing to join in checking the aggressions of France; and England will not refuse, if a coalition is really decided upon; but there would be great reluctance to go to war with France. It is true, the French people seem to be quite willing to appropriate the spoil their Emperor steals for them. The world cannot believe that twenty-six millions of people could not control the pirate sovereign whom they elected, and therefore the nation must bear the disgrace of the Emperor's acts; but still we are willing to make allowance. We know what the repression is under which they live; we have just made commercial agreements with them, which we hoped would bring about a continually improving understanding with them; and it would be a grave affliction to have to go to war with them; but it is clear that we must do so if they do not restrain their sovereign from running the Bonaparte course over again. An European coalition cannot be so readily formed now as half a century ago; but it will have to be done, if the Bonapartes continue to reign, and to afflict the world with their restless brigandism. It is well understood that this demand of Savoy and seizure of the neutral provinces are for the object of controlling the new North Italian kingdom from the Alps, and of paralyzing free Switzerland. It is well understood that Belgium will be the next prey, unless an adequate defence is set up in time. Thus a war must be faced, sooner or later; and the question is whether it had not better be entered upon soon than late—whether it is right to let Northern Savoy go, and to defer making the necessary stand till the next theft is proposed. In a few days we shall know what our Ministry has replied to the appeal of Switzerland. Our reply will not be more or less affected by the existence of the commercial treaty. If the Emperor has supposed that he was gaining us over by his encouragement of trade, he was mistaken. Mr. Bright, it is true, says "What is Savoy to us?" just as he and Mr. Cobden are careless of the fate of American negroes when cotton is in question; but the English people do not accept Messrs. Cobden and Bright as their representatives. If the Emperor, in fascinating Mr. Cobden, supposed he was dealing with England, he was mistaken, just as your government would be if it judged of our American sympathies by the speeches of Mr. Bright. We are not disposed to let the peoples of Europe be made the spoil of a brigand chief and his band, for fear of disturbing our trade. The Emperor knows—and I beg you, our ancient kindred, to observe—that we have not for one moment relaxed in our improvement of our defences while the commercial treaty was in preparation. It was a great day in London when the Queen received the officers of our volunteer force; and, though Mr. Bright may sneer at panics, and Sir Robert Peel may indulge in a quiz of our volunteer movement, the nation may be considered as practically unanimous in the resolution to be ready for the defence of right and liberty at any moment, while a Bonaparte is on any throne in Europe. Meantime, the Emperor has had the most outspoken warning from our government, as well as our newspapers, that he is tempting the fate of his uncle. Few or none would regret his fate, happen what may. The grief is that the French people, who would have readily devoted themselves to the arts of peace, should be dragged back into a military *régime*, afflicted with perpetual warfare, impoverished by the cost, and decimated by the conscription, only to be humbled over again, as before, stripped of all plunder, and disgraced as a retrograde nation, lapsed from a position in the first rank of civilization. Amidst such a state of affairs, it is no wonder that the world asks whether the French nation really cannot help itself? Nothing is heard at Paris or elsewhere but adulation of the Emperor, and boasting of or acquiescence in his acts and his policy. The disgrace must inevitably attach to the people at large as long as they show no cause to the contrary.

Meantime, our liberties are extending. They could hardly be greater than they are to those who are in possession of them; but they have to be a good deal further extended. Our new Reform bill is very quietly received, and will encounter no formidable opposition. Of course there are professions of alarm from persons who do not see the necessity of extending political privilege in some proportion to the expansion of intelligence. Their complaints are mainly true; but they do not apply to the case. It is true, for instance, that our largest constituencies often return the least creditable representatives, as in the case of the London constituencies; but it is a mistake to suppose that these large constituencies are composed of the working-classes, whom our old-fashioned alarmists are afraid of admitting to the suffrage. The shopkeeping element, which is eminently aristocratic in its habit of mind, prevails in these districts. We are reminded, next, of the Trades Unions, and the fearful despotism which exists in them; and our answer is that that despotism would hardly have existed if the members had been habituated to the exercise of political rights for the last quarter of a century. The working men have no political discontents which will not be removed at once by the grant of the suffrage. They want no revolutionary change. They are, from their love of their country, essentially conservative. If they were not, they would simply be without practical influence in the government; as they are, they will help to preserve the institutions of the empire, while adding fresh strength to all needed reforms. Such is our hope and expectation. At worst, the new electors could but send up a very few ignorant talkers to Parliament, who would presently find their place among practiced legislators; and our anticipation is rather that they will either infuse new vigor by sending up some sensible men who understand their interests, or will instruct existing legislators in regard to their views and demands. The time is ripe for the extension of the suffrage. Persons who dislike it are quiet because they feel the thing has to be done, and had better be done now. The liberal party are quiet because the measure is a small one, not worth any very loud exultation; but if any effective opposition had been made to it, there would have been plenty of noise. The people would have taken no denial.

The loud warnings sent over from your shores to Ireland against the resort of the Irish to America makes us wish to know the truth about the condition of the Irish among you. I knew something of it above twenty years ago; but matters must have changed very much, if what we are now told is more or less true. The misery of the greater number of immigrants is represented by their clergy in the United States as appalling. We are not disposed to believe this on the mere testimony of priests in the interest of Irish brethren who are dreading empty parishes; but we do feel that it is a pity that our Irish neighbors should leave a better for a worse condition. There is work and wages for everybody in Ireland now. The peasantry and the towns-people are in a state of substantial comfort, wherever they work like other people. Their miseries had a social and not a political origin; and they now see through O'Connell and other agitators who misled them so fatally on this point. From the hour when work and wages, in proportion to numbers, became possible, welfare was within their reach; and now, while the sovereigns of groaning subjects in the Romish and Austrian States are pretending to weep over Ireland, the people of Ireland are growing "healthy, wealthy and wise," having little to complain of but the tempers of their priests.

While almost engrossed by the state of the Continent, we have had some attention to spare for Mr. Seward's great speech. I have had repeated occasion to tell you that *The Times* newspaper does not represent English opinion; and I believe I may say that its account of Mr. Seward's speech is no more confidently received than its dogmatic assertions about West India labor. We do not make light of the sectional conflict, like *The Times*; nor do we suppose, with Mr. Seward, that any President can govern North and South together during the agitation of the slavery question. We do not in fact see the possibility of any real union between communities which have differing ethics, and are in different stages of civilization. We cannot pretend to say that the North has been and is advancing in true civilization; and you will not expect us to say so while your strongest argument against negro slavery is its destruction of *all* liberty. We cannot regard your political, commercial and social morality as an improvement on that of your fathers; but the South has gone back at a far more rapid rate, so as to render any common views and action, such as must exist in a federal Union, altogether impracticable. So it appears to us; and happy should we be to find ourselves wrong; but, while we so think, we dissent largely from Mr. Seward's view of your present and your future. Not the less for this do we admire his assumption of a high ground of utterance; his rising above all personal explanation and vindication; his taking a higher flight than among the contentions of the hour. We should hope something from his being President, while far from believing that your salvation will come by Presidents. Whoever your President may be, we wish he would use all his power with Congress to mend this heart-sickening misery of cruelty on board ships; and that he would take care that the peace of our two countries is not committed to the mercies of such officers as those who are in command in your North Pacific territories. There has been another aggression of the Harney type, we see. Such raids are as disgusting to all good citizens on one side the Atlantic as the other. Why is such a thing permitted to happen a second time?

I suppose the Prince of Wales will visit the States when he goes to Canada in a few weeks. Are there any means by which he may learn the truth of affairs, and not be consigned to the glozings of men who will outrance his ear in order to blind his eyes? He is only eighteen, and will believe what he is told, for his own part; but he will be well attended. He is a sensible and well-read youth, truthful and fond of the truth, like his mother. He has been trained to industry and activity, and is as thoughtful in his turn of mind as honorable and justice-loving in his temper. Thus, any truth that can be set before him will be worth while, though your fate as a federal Union—in other words, your controversy about slavery—will probably be settled before he comes to the throne. Your young men will see in him a fair specimen of the English gentleman. Good morals, simple manners, pure habits, cultivated tastes—these are what will be observed in him. We earnestly hope that he will preserve them when he becomes his own master, and we have every expectation that he will. The narrow and superficial character of a royal education is repaired, in his case, as far as it can be, by travel in various countries. Let us hope he will bring home some knowledge from his first visit to a republic. I am supposing that he will cross the frontier to see you. Do not help to spoil him. He is a promising youth; but he is still only a boy. It is no pleasure to him to be constantly told that he is a Prince. Let him have the same chances as other youths on the verge of manhood.

As you may have seen in our newspapers that prayers have been offered in our garrison chapels on behalf of Florence Nightingale, I will just say that no sudden change for the worse has taken place in her health, but that its grave condition is only now becoming known. She was nearly as ill a year ago as now, but it was not widely understood. It is a subject too painful to dwell on; but it is some consolation to the world, and a very great one to her, that she can still work. Her "Notes on Nursing," which some say "should be read in all the churches," are but a portion of her recent labors. While she lives, she will work.

H. M.

THE PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN (Hopedale, Mass., ADIN BALLOU editor), after an honorable and useful existence of twenty years, has been discontinued. It has been an able and faithful champion of Freedom, Peace, Temperance, Purity, and of whatsoever else is lovely and of good report, and, though its circulation has always been small, it has exerted an influence in behalf of Christian Reform that has endeared it and its now venerable editor to hundreds of the best spirits of the age. Upon some of the questions that have agitated the public mind during its eventful life it has cast the light of a clear and well-balanced intellect, making the way of truth plain to many minds. Mr. Ballou, in his "editorial farewell," says:

"So far as the undersigned is concerned, as principal editor of *The Practical Christian*, he is not disposed to retire in disgust, or as a grumbler, or in any sort of ill-humor with fate or fortune, God or man, friends or foes. He has tried to let his light shine before men, and to do his duty. He does not claim to have been faultless by a great deal. He has written some things which need amendment, and which he would correct if he had the opportunity. He has doubtless erred in commission and omission, in judgment and operation. Nevertheless, he is not, on the whole, ashamed of his motives, objects, principles, doctrines, or performances, as indicated and recorded in the twenty volumes this day completed. He has been no man's enemy. He has coveted no one's wealth. He has not sought gain or fame by infidelity to his own highest convictions. He has not knowingly flattered his friends, nor abused his enemies. He has not courted controversy, nor shunned it when it ought to be faced. He has resorted to no tricks, no clap-trap devices, to carry his point, or win success. He has tried to be out-spoken, plain-spoken and kind-spoken on all the themes and topics he has discussed. And he believes that when mankind get ready to be wise, good and happy, they will find that the principles and methods he has recommended are substantially the ones they need to render them so. What if now only a very few accept them as such? Has it not been so in all the past? Were not the best things of the present age once despised, or at best deemed impracticable? The seed that was sown in tears is now being harvested in joy. It will be so in the future in respect to the things he has advocated under the distinctive and comprehensive name of *Practical Christianity*. What if he was too sanguine an expectant of marked good results? What if he has been disappointed in the reluctance of people to accept the principles and methods he has recommended? *That* was his weakness—not the fault of his cause. He has learned patience. All will be achieved for which he has hoped and labored. It is only a question of time. He will not live in mortal form to behold much of the harvest, but he will live in immortal form to rejoice in its fulness. With these views, hopes and feelings, he tenders his editorial farewell to all parties."

Our best wishes go with Mr. Ballou in his retirement from a profession which he has so long honored by an example of fidelity to its highest duties as rare as it is beautiful and praiseworthy.

MR. TILTON'S SPEECH.—Theodore Tilton's reply to Beecher's defence of the A. B. C. F. M. has excited so much interest that a second edition has been found necessary to meet the public demand. The new edition has been carefully revised by the author, and, being stereotyped, can be supplied in any desired quantity. Mr. Beecher has not attempted to answer it, and not a few of his warmest admirers think and say that it puts him *hors de combat*.

THE GALLOWS OVERTHROWN.—The bill in relation to Capital Punishment, just passed by the Legislature of this State, virtually ABOLISHES THE GALLOWS. Under its provisions it is hardly probable that another person will ever be executed in the State. This is one of the greatest reforms of the present day, and, with the Act giving women their earnings, entitles the present Legislature to lasting fame, covering a multitude of its sins and omissions.

WESTERN NEW JERSEY.—Edwin H. Coates, of Mullica Hill, proposes, during the coming season, to visit most of the towns in Western New Jersey as a lecturer on slavery. Mr. Coates is an earnest and devoted friend of the slave and a capital speaker. His reputation as a lecturer on Temperance in that region will serve to win him hearers on the subject of slavery. West Jersey has been sadly neglected hitherto by the Abolitionists, other fields of labor seeming to promise larger results; but the state of feeling there at present is such as to invite effort, and Mr. Coates proposes to do what he can. He ought to be well supplied with tracts and papers for gratuitous distribution. In a note just received he says:

"What is most wanted is anti-slavery documents to give to those who cannot afford to purchase them. There are a great many such documents on the shelves of Abolitionists, that have been read and will be of no further use to them, but which would be of great service if wisely distributed. If thee will request friends having such documents to spare to send them to the Anti-Slavery Office in Philadelphia for me, I will thank thee."

We earnestly commend this request to the prompt attention of all who may have it in their power to aid Mr. Coates in the way he suggests.

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM IN THE OLD BAY STATE.—The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* says:

"I have just finished reading your account of the close of the Sanborn case, and find that I can add a little to it, *as I have just met one of the actors in the scene.*

"When Mr. Sanborn was cited by habeas corpus to appear before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, it was determined *by his friends*, whatever may have been his own ideas, that he should not be taken again by the officers, *no matter what the decision might be*. To guard against this, thirty determined and WELL-ARMED men attended Court, and were constantly between Sanborn and the officers, and it would have taken considerable force to have broken through their ranks, *so well had they made their arrangements*.

"Mr. Redpath attended the trial, and was noticed by the Marshal, and it was expected that an attempt would be made to arrest him when Sanborn's arrest should be attempted. Hence, some half dozen carriages were in readiness, with fresh horses and competent drivers, each of which would have taken a separate route; and though but two of them could contain the persons sought, all would have appeared to; and it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer, let alone a Boston tidewaiter, to have told which was the man he wanted."

THE "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT" IN NORTH CAROLINA.—The letter on the first page from a correspondent of *The Tribune* who went to North Carolina to report the trial of the Rev. DANIEL WORTH, lately convicted of the crime (!) of circulating Helper's book, should be attentively read. It is as racy in point of style as it is instructive in matters of fact. The writer alludes to an anti-slavery work, published thirty years ago by Mr. Benjamin Swaim, an eminent citizen of North Carolina, of which we should like to obtain a copy. We remember an extract from its pages that was current twenty years ago, beginning with these words: "The worst is not generally known. Were all the miseries, all the horrors of slavery to burst at once into view, a peal of seven-fold thunder could scarce strike greater alarm," &c. This testimony of an eminent citizen of a slave State, if reproduced now after the lapse of thirty years, could not fail to have weight with all candid minds. Who will supply us with a copy of the book?

IMPORTANT TRACT.—The American Anti-Slavery Society has just issued a Tract (No. 4 New Series) entitled "The New 'Reign of Terror' in the Slaveholding States, for 1859-60." It is filled (144 pp. 12 mo.) with well-authenticated facts of recent occurrence, showing the fearful extent to which slavery "crushes out" freedom of opinion and speech, exposing to the terrors of the Lynch code every person at the South who dares to breathe against it a single word of opposition. The character of slavery is thus revealed in a light which cannot fail to excite against it the intensest moral indignation, and that ought certainly to rouse the whole North to wage against it an exterminating war. The friends of the cause should give it a wide circulation. Price 10 cents single; $8 per hundred.

DR. CHEEVER IN SCOTLAND.—We publish this week an account of an important meeting lately held at Glasgow to express sympathy for Dr. Cheever and afford him aid in his struggle with the minions of slavery in the American (not Christian) Church. The statement of the Rev. Dr. Batchelor, which we copy nearly in full, evinces a clear understanding of Dr. Cheever's position, as well as a thorough appreciation of the importance of sustaining him therein. The evangelical clergy of Great Britain are discovering at length how they have been deceived by such clerical pretenders to anti-slavery as the Thompsons, Bacons and Kirks, who, in order to screen themselves from deserved rebuke, have never scrupled, while in that country, to malign the Abolitionists of the United States as fanatics and infidels. *Read Dr. Batchelor's admirable speech.*

DR. CHEEVER ON SLAVERY.—Our readers in the city will be glad to learn that Dr. Cheever is to commence, to-morrow (Sunday) evening, in the Church of the Puritans, a new series of Anti-Slavery Sermons. "Northern Strikes and Southern Slavery" will be the distinctive theme of the first discourse, in which will be developed "The Mercantile Element and Influence of Slavery, and the Method and Duty of Emancipation." The friends of freedom should rally with one accord to hear Dr. Cheever now, when the enemies of the cause are making such desperate efforts to drive him from his post.

DEATH OF CYRUS PEIRCE.

From The Liberator.

ANOTHER good man has been removed from the earth—one of the best and purest who have ever lived to elevate their race, and to advance the interests of humanity in every direction. We allude to the death of that venerable teacher, Rev. CYRUS PEIRCE (more familiarly known amongst his numerous scholars as "Father Peirce"), which took place at West Newton, on Thursday, 5th inst. The sad intelligence is communicated to us by a friend, as follows:

WEST NEWTON, April 5, 1860.

DEAR SIR: Father PEIRCE is no more! He died this afternoon, gently, after a protracted illness and great suffering. An uncompromising advocate of justice and truth, he has been, from the time your voice was heard in the columns of *The Liberator*, an uncompromising friend to the slave. You will remember how he was derided, when Principal of the Normal School, for accepting an office in the Anti-Slavery Society; and that he was bearer of the "Latimer Petition" for the "old man eloquent" to present to Congress. He was Principal of the first Normal School in North America, and of the first Normal School for young ladies in the world.

For the past six years, he has been connected with Mr. N. T. Allen's school, in this town. I send you a copy of his Memoir, written by Rev. Samuel J. May for Barnard's *Journal of Education*, the managers of which cut out, and would not print, the part relating to Mr. P.'s connection with and sympathy for the anti-slavery movement!

Mr. Peirce was a man of rare tact in his profession, and successfully labored in connection with the late Hon. Horace Mann, and others, to raise the standard of education in Massachusetts. Peace to his memory!

Summary.

CAR MANUFACTORY.—Messrs. S. & M. Pennock & Co. have put up a building 100 feet long by 60 wide, at Kennett Square, where they intend shortly to commence the manufacturing of cars for the Baltimore Central Railroad. This is another evidence of the business tact of this business firm.—*West Chester Times.*

Dea Gray, one of the editors of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, was at the recent John Brown meeting in Jefferson, Ohio, and told how he once helped the escape of a fugitive slave from his master by hiding with him in a church steeple. Quoth John Brown, Jr., "Well, sir, let me ask you if you did not feel nearer heaven when you were up in that steeple with the negro than while standing on the Cincinnati platform?" The deacon dropped as if he had been shot through the heart, and the whole audience rose and cheered.

MORE AID FOR JOHN BROWN'S FAMILY.—Mr. Redpath writes to us from Boston that he has private letters from Port-au-Prince which state that at least $25,000 (of American money) will be contributed by the people of Hayti to the family of John Brown; and he is assured, also, by a gentleman who has just returned from the island, that $21,000 in specie have already been collected and deposited for the family of the brave man whom they style "JOHN BROWN, *Martyr a la Cause des Noirs*."

The Pope of Rome is now in his sixty-eighth year, and, even should he be obliged to flee from the Eternal City, he will have quite enough to maintain himself comfortably for the remainder of his life. It appears the "Peter Pence" contributions have already amounted to about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, of which sum Ireland has contributed eighty thousand dollars, as much as all the other countries of Europe taken together. Besides this, it is currently reported that the Pope has no less than twelve million dollars, the pious offering of good Catholics, packed away in boxes at the Vatican; so that, in case he should consider another hegira necessary, the money for his travelling expenses is abundantly provided.—*Evening Post.*

"A MIS'ABLE NIGGER."—My friend asked Anthony Box, a superb engine driver on the Ohio river, how he came to get free. "Why, Massa Vincent, my health was berry bad when I was in Kentucky; I couldn't do no kind ob work; I was berry feeble; 'twas jes as much as I could do to hoe my own garden and eat de sass; and de missus what owned me see dat I was a mis'able nigger—one of the mis'ablest kind. So I said to her, 'Missus, I'm a mis'able nigger, and I ain't worth nothing, and I tink you'd better sell me, I'm such a mis'able nigger.' Now, Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger that Missus 'greed to sell me for a hundred dollars, and I 'greed to try to work and earn de money to pay her, and I did, and my health has been gettin' better eber since, and I 'specks I made 'bout nine hundred dollars dat time out of dat nigger."

A MORMON REFORMATION.—A conference was held lately at Amboy, Ill., of the Mormons who hold fast to the original faith and repudiate Brigham Young's authority. Young Joe Smith was duly inducted into the office of president of the high priests in the regular apostolic succession. Young and his party were denounced as apostates and corrupters of the Mormon faith; polygamy was declared unscriptural and immoral, and a proposition was agreed to for the recovery of the saints in Utah by sending preachers there to proclaim the true faith and to show them that they are now going back to "seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." Many of the Mormons acknowledge Smith to be their rightful leader, and if the standard of original Mormonism is raised in Utah, there will be a serious schism among the saints, which may bring about an unexpected solution of the Mormon problem.

CASE OF BOOTH.—The course of the United States Government under the Fugitive Act, toward S. M. Booth of Milwaukee, would disgrace the tyranny of the dark ages in despotic countries. The United States Marshal not only refuses to produce B.'s person, in obedience to the command of a writ of habeas corpus issued under State authority, but keeps his victim substantially in a dungeon, and in solitary confinement! The iron shutters of the prison are kept closed and the light entirely excluded, except such as gets in from the hall, and no person, unless it be a physician, not even his wife, is permitted to see him. The United States Bastile, in which he is thus maliciously incarcerated, bristles with arms. Such is the despotism of slavery in the free State of Wisconsin. Its tender mercies everywhere are cruel. Even the hard penalties for the violation of an obnoxious enactment are made more unbearable by the willing minions of a President who is the mere tool of slave oligarchs.—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE LATE ALLEGED KIDNAPPING—ESCAPE OF THE ACCUSED.—Officer Levy, of the city detectives, who went to Louisville, Ky., last week, with a requisition for J. T. Smith, charged with kidnapping a colored boy from the city, arrived yesterday, bringing the intelligence of the escape of the prisoner, by leaping from a window of a railroad car. The officer proceeded as far as Cumberland, and took measures there to have the country thoroughly searched. He then came on with the colored boy, bringing the baggage of Smith. The name of the lad is Henry Gilliam. Smith advertised for a colored boy to go to a farm near Pittsburg, and, upon seeing Gilliam, said he would do. When they reached Pittsburg, Smith told him that his brother-in-law, with whom he represented Gilliam was to live, had not removed from Evansville, and that it would be necessary to go to him. They started off, and, when in Cincinnati, Gilliam was cautioned against going farther with Smith, but concluded to go to Evansville, supposing it to be in Ohio. He was furnished with a card by one of the police of Cincinnati, and directed, if he was taken to Louisville, to show it to officer Blair, which he did, and it was that officer who took both into custody, and telegraphed to the Chief of Police of this city. Smith, who is about twenty-two years old, and of genteel appearance, represented himself to be a school teacher.—*Public Ledger, Phila., April 17th.*

PIONEER CELEBRATION IN OHIO.—The seventy-second anniversary of the settlement of Ohio was duly honored on the evening of the 7th, by the Pioneer Association of Cincinnati. The venerable Col. John Johnston presided. Wm. M. Corry, Esq., delivered an oration, and Mr. Fosdick read a poem. After the supper, reminiscences prepared and submitted by Judge McLean were read. When Judge McLean was a lad, his father lived in Mason County, Kentucky. In 1770, he, with several neighbors, visited the Miami country to purchase land, and made a contract of purchase with Judge Symmes and his associates. The next spring Judge McLean, then about eleven years of age, accompanied his father and neighbors to Ohio to make improvements. He wore a hunting-shirt and moccasins, as did the others, and the party were armed for any emergency. A flatboat trip was made to Cincinnati, then destitute of a single brick house. Several letters were read, one from Mrs. Judge Burnet, absent from ill health, and one from Wm. D. Gallagher, containing a poem. Among the interesting relics exhibited were the powder-horn and bullet-moulds used by Israel Putnam in the Revolution. There was a large attendance of venerable pioneers, including Mrs. Judge McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Horton, now 86 years old, Mrs. Lilley, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. Murdock, and several others of the pioneer mothers of the Buckeye State.

VIRGINIA SPEAKS TO OHIO AND IOWA.—The joint special committee of the Legislature of Virginia, on the action of the Governors of Ohio and Iowa, in refusing to surrender Barclay Coppock, Francis Merriam and Owen Brown, upon the requisition of Governor Letcher, has been presented to both Houses, and ordered to be printed. After a long review of the cases in hand, it concludes with the following resolution:

Resolved, by the General Assembly of Virginia, That the Governors of Iowa and Ohio, by refusing to surrender to the Governors of this Commonwealth Barclay Coppock and Francis Merriam and Owen Brown, charged with and known to have committed within this State crimes of the highest grade, and to have fled beyond its limits, wilfully and deliberately violated the federal compact, disregarding the comity which should exist between sovereign States, and justly made themselves morally, if not legally, accessories to the crimes committed by these criminals and fugitives from justice.

A resolution was offered in the House proposing to demand from every citizen of Ohio or Iowa found within the limits of Virginia bonds and security for their good behavior while staying in the Commonwealth. It was out of order to consider it at that time, but it will doubtless receive consideration when the report comes to be voted upon.

EXCEPTIONS IN THE SANBORN CASE.—C. L. Woodbury, counsel in the habeas corpus case of Frank B. Sanborn, for Silas Carlton, the person who arrested Sanborn at Concord, has presented to Chief-Justice Shaw exceptions to his decision in the case, as follows: That the court has no jurisdiction to revise or control the proceedings of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate, as to his official power to delegate the service of the warrant, but that the Senate, by the first article of the Constitution, have the exclusive power of construing and deciding their own privileges, and the customs and rules through which they should be exercised, and who are and who are not its officers; that the Sergeant-at-Arms had a right, by the rules and customs of the Senate, to delegate his power to Silas Carlton; and that by the general rule of the law Carlton was deputy of the Sergeant-at-Arms. These points having been made at the hearing, and overruled, it is asked that these exceptions be allowed, which will be done and the case will go before a full bench for argument upon them. The object of this is, probably, to make up a law case, which may be appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court, and there decide the question of the power of the Senate and its Sergeant-at-Arms.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY MOVEMENT.—We had not space in our last to advert, even in the briefest manner, to the unprecedented success of the National Subscription-Anniversary, at Boston, U. S. The proceeds amounted to the sum of SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS, or £1,200 sterling, a sum which will doubtless enable the American Anti-Slavery Society, by the issue of publications, by lecturers, conventions, &c., &c., increasingly to promote the abolition of the foul system of slavery in that country—"the vilest," says John Wesley, "that ever saw the sun."

It affords us satisfaction also to observe that our friend George Thompson, having recovered from his recent severe indisposition, has once more thrown himself so vigorously into the anti-slavery field. He has, for the last two months, been holding large, enthusiastic and effective meetings, both in England and Scotland, and is, while we write, in Edinburgh; having in prospect meetings there and at Glasgow, from whence, we understand, he proceeds to Dublin.—*British (Glasgow) Friend, April 2.*

IMPOTENT FURY OF A FIRE-EATER.—The "black-list" editor of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Southern Confederacy*, having returned from his late tour of speculation at the North, where he succeeded in fleecing a number of merchants to a large amount by a species of terrorism well known in his locality, and suspecting that there are in his neighborhood men who have the courage and humanity to sympathize with the bondman, invokes the ruffian spirit of those who agree with him as follows:

"Let our citizens make an example of about forty of the ringleaders that infest this community by a general gibbeting from the railroad bridge. It is unnecessary to erect a gallows, but swing them like dogs from the most convenient place. When the time for action comes, we can point them out, and, if necessary, will adjust the grapevine. We are opposed to hanging an Abolitionist with a rope, we prefer something that is indigenous to the soil of the country. Hence we suggest a tough grapevine.

"The abolition and incendiary scoundrels must be driven from this city very soon, or else assassination and murder will be the consequence. He that hath ears to hear let him hear, and he that hath eyes to see let him see."

ARRIVAL EXTRAORDINARY.—Old Adams, the great California hunter, with one hundred and fifty living animals of his own capturing, including seventeen dancing and performing bears, has arrived from San Francisco on board the ship Golden Fleece. There are nineteen cages in all, varying in size, mostly ten feet long, four feet wide and four feet high. Sampson, Lady Washington and Fremont, being the largest of the bruin family, occupy separate cages, all the others, except the buffalo and elk, having two and some three of the large animals. Besides the seventeen performing bears, embracing ten different kinds, there are two California lions, two do. tigers, two do. cougars, two lynx, seven coyotes, one white wolf, one ant eater, one sea lion, one sea leopard, two silver-gray foxes, one full-grown buffalo, two elks, two wild mountain goats, seventeen snakes, two large California condors, two do. vultures, five California moon-faced owls, three double-eared do., two Australian ostriches (7 feet high), two white pelicans, two gray do., two large golden eagles (very rare and beautiful), two black Lower California eagles, two Californian American bald eagles, besides a great variety of other birds and animals. It is understood that Mr. P. T. Barnum has purchased an undivided half of this novel exhibition at a large figure, and that, after a short stay in New York, they will visit other cities, and also be exhibited through the country.—*N. Y. Times.*

VIRGINIA CHIVALRY ILLUSTRATED.—The Muscatine (Iowa) *Journal* says: "It is no longer a matter of doubt that the distinguished Virginian, Camp, who was recently in this city, commissioned with the arrest of Barclay Coppock, should have the letter S prefixed to his name. The *Enquirer* of this city assured us that he was a man of 'the highest respectability'—one of the F. F. V.'s, we presume. But, notwithstanding this recommendation, it is a fact that he has mizzled, put out, made himself scarce, absquatulated, with an unpaid board bill amounting to over thirty dollars, at the Mason House! While stopping in this city, he spent much of his time in drinking and gambling, and, when he left, was in company with a disreputable woman. It appeared that he had no baggage, and, just before his departure, borrowed some money from one of his associates at this place, and several nether garments from another. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, that such was the conduct of a duly commissioned officer from the great State of Virginia to the Commonwealth of Iowa! Virginia must be sadly in need of the proper material for public officers, if she is obliged to make use of such worthless (S)camps as this chap has proved to be."

MR. SANBORN'S CASE.—It is not probable there will be a new attempt to arrest Mr. Sanborn of Concord by a process from the Senate. In the first place, there is not object enough to pursue the case—neither Mr. Sanborn's person nor testimony will be of any use to anybody at Washington; in the second place, the Democracy have been damaged by what has occurred, and will be further damaged by new proceedings in the same direction; in the third place, Mr. Sanborn and his friends are not likely to pay respect to any judicial Senatorial writ or order, or to the parties who undertake to serve it; in the fourth place, our State Court would probably override it on the main question, if perfect in its technicalities; and, in the fifth place, Mr. Sanborn is now a prisoner of the State of Massachusetts for the State offences of assault upon the officers and disturbing the peace—of both of which he is clearly guilty—and they will want to keep him for the present at least, to try him for these. It is reported from Washington, also, that the Investigating Committee are satisfied that they are powerless in such cases of refractory witnesses, because the Sergeant-at-Arms cannot call out the posse comitatus, as can the sheriff or U. S. marshal, and therefore may be readily overpowered in attempting to make an arrest. Practically this thing was handsomely illustrated at Concord the other night. We imagine the officers who figured in that arrest have no relish for a second experience.—*Springfield Republican.*

LIBERTY THE BIRTHRIGHT OF AMERICA.—Rev. J. M. Manning, Junior Pastor of the Old South, delivered a remarkable discourse upon this theme, before a fine audience at his church yesterday (Fast Day) forenoon. The intimations of the Divine Providence, the instinctive impulses and hopes of the oppressed in all quarters of the globe, to his apprehension, revealed freedom, justice and righteousness, with equal rights for every one, as the destiny and dowry of our country. The disappointment entertained everywhere in consequence of our failure to apply these principles to our treatment of American Indians or African slaves indicated likewise the general impression as to what is expected of us. In our land as nowhere else, in our land as on its last battle-field, is the victory to be won for Liberty. The triumph must have its struggle, and there will be, of course, temporary discomfitures and defeats. But at last freedom shall prevail. The will of Heaven, the wants of humanity, the voice of all prophecy leave no doubt of this. Legislation vainly arrays itself on the wrong side. As well might Boards of Agriculture, when spring was advancing, forbid the blossoming of the snowdrops and the arbutus, the violet and the wild rose.

Mr. Manning closed with a noble defence of agitation of this great theme. We, cried he, disturbers and radicals, who dare a word for liberty? No, no; the advocates of slavery are the only Abolitionists—the only revolutionists that America knows. To plead, to contend for liberty is but to maintain and perpetuate the purposes and the principles of the Puritan forefathers and patriotic founders of our free Republic. This must be as long as Plymouth Rock, and the field of Lexington, Faneuil Hall and the Old South shall endure; and, if nowhere else in America, on this spot certainly, said he, looking around him, the stones out of the walls would cry, and the beams out of the timber would answer, should I refuse to speak.—*Boston Transcript.*

MARRIED.

BROWN—GRAY.—In Boston, April 12th, by the Rev. L. A. Grimes, assisted by the Rev. David Stevens, Wm. Wells Brown to Miss Annie E., daughter of William H. Gray, Esq., of Cambridgeport, Mass.

DIED.

BEANS.—At the residence of her brother-in-law, Yeamans Pickering, in Lower Makefield, Pa., on the evening of the 14th of Second month, Sarah Beans, aged 76 years.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Collections by Susan B. Anthony at Western New York Conventions.

Port Byron,	$13 93
Weedsport,	1 57
Jordan,	1 73
Seneca Falls,	12 50
Canandaigua,	10 31
Brockport,	8 07
Medina,	2 35
Albion,	15 97
Rochester,	15 04
Williamson,	5 42
Marion,	1 53
Palmyra,	11 92
Macedon Locks,	5 27
Macedon Centre,	2 68
Farmington,	3 83
A Republican (Donation),	10 00
Auburn Lecture,	2 50
Lockport,	2 59

List of Persons who Contributed One Dollar or more at the New York Conventions.

J. W. Reed, Lockport,	1 00
Mr. Charlton,	1 00
Miss Pierson,	1 00
A Republican, Buffalo,	5 00
A Republican, "	1 00
A Republican, "	2 00
W. O. Duvol, Port Byron,	1 00
Job Parker, Utica,	5 00
Mrs. J. C. De Long, Utica,	1 00
Maria Marriott, Hudson,	5 00
David Baker, Easton,	1 00
J. Wilde, "	1 00
Abel Thomas, "	2 00
Mrs. P. P. Stewart, Troy,	2 00
A. D. Mayo, Albany,	1 00
George Baker, "	1 00
A Republican, "	10 00
Five Republicans, $1 each, Albany,	5 00
Eliza Smith, "	1 00
Mary Hicks, "	1 00
Leonard Gibbs, "	5 00
Dr. Hamilton, Rochester,	1 00
Sarah Willis, "	1 00
Jacob Post, "	2 00
Pliny Sexton, Palmyra,	8 00
Elias Doty, Macedon,	4 00

Special Notices.

PENNSYLVANIA YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

THE EIGHTH YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS will convene at Longwood, Chester Co., Pennsylvania, on First-day, the 3d of the Sixth month (June), 1860.

This is a Religious Society, bound together by no ecclesiastical ligatures, but by a common tie of brotherhood and a common love of Truth, Purity and Progress. It embraces men and women differing widely in theological opinion, but agreeing in the one great central doctrine and practice of true religion, which is love to God exhibited in love to man. It imposes on its members no farther test of membership than a desire to lead a life of greater personal purity, of more wide-spread practical beneficence, and of more ennobling and comforting religious aspirations. It seeks to inculcate a religion that shall prove its Divine character by bringing illumination to the mind, and inspiring it with a confident and cheering hope of a future life, and that shall, at the same time, prove its fitness for the regulation of human conduct by giving to men an enlarged idea of the dignity of human nature, of the sacredness of liberty, and of the right of every human being to a free and unhindered growth toward the pure pattern and ideal of Jesus of Nazareth. Its annual assemblies are for the purpose of mutual quickening and culture of a religious life, for the enjoyment and profit of social intercourse, and for the furtherance of all moral reforms whose object is the promotion of Truth, Purity and Freedom. It accordingly gives a cordial and hearty invitation, in view of its coming re-union, to all persons, of whatever sect or creed, of whatever color or condition, who may feel attracted to such a meeting for such a purpose.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE,
ELIZABETH JACKSON,
OLIVER JOHNSON,
WILLIAM BARNARD,
ISAAC MENDENHALL,
MARY P. WILSON,
JOHN G. JACKSON,
RUTH DUGDALE,
ALICE JACKSON,
THOMAS WORRELL,
MARY A. W. JOHNSON,
MARY F. SMITH,
EUSEBIUS BARNARD,
MARY L. BARNARD,
MIRIAM C. WORRELL,
MARTHA KIMBER,
SARAH MARSH BARNARD,
DINAH MENDENHALL,
J. WILLIAM COX,
CORA WILSON,
ANNIE M. STAMBACH, M. D.

TENTH NATIONAL WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.—The Tenth National Woman's Rights Convention will be held in the Cooper Union, New York, on Thursday and Friday, May 10 and 11, morning and evening, at 10½ and 7½ o'clock. Addresses by Wendell Phillips, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Ernestine L. Rose, J. Elizabeth Jones, the Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell and others. On behalf Central Committee.

E. CADY STANTON, President.
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Secretary.

EDWIN H. COATES will deliver a lecture on Slavery in SCULLTOWN, Salem Co., N. J., on Seventh-day evening, the 21st inst., at 7½ o'clock. Also a lecture on the same subject at PEDRICKTOWN, on First-day afternoon, the 22d inst., at 2½ o'clock. Friends of the anti-slavery cause near the above places will please bring to the meeting such anti-slavery documents as they can spare for gratuitous distribution.

Advertisements.

IMPROVED EUROPEAN RANGES
INVENTED BY
JOSHUA HARRISON, OF ENGLAND.

THESE RANGES,
FOR
ECONOMY,
DURABILITY
AND WEIGHT OF METAL,
FAR SURPASS ANY EVER BEFORE OFFERED
IN THIS MARKET.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
BRAMHALL, HEDGE & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,
442 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

. A Family of Three Persons, or an Hotel of a Thousand Guests, can be furnished with a Range of suitable capacity.

SUMMER SCHOOL.—GRACEANNA LEWIS and sisters will re-open their Summer School for Girls 5th month 15th, 1860, and will continue for a session of eighteen weeks.

The school exercises will be confined to two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon, and the studies will be limited to elementary branches and drawing. The remainder of the day will be devoted to healthful amusements and out-door exercises, and to such oral instruction as may be suggested by objects in Nature.

The situation is pleasant and airy, and the surrounding country (near Chester Springs) is noted for its salubrity and beauty.

Terms, $4 00 per week. Payable monthly in advance. Washing, 37 1-2 cts. per dozen. Books and stationery will be furnished, if desired, at the usual prices.

Access by Reading Railroad to Phœnixville and thence by stage five miles on the road to Chester Springs.

Post-office Address, Kimberton, Chester Co., Pa.

REFERENCES.
ELIJAH F. PENNYPACKER, Schuylkill P. O. Chester Co., Pa.
JOHN GRIFFITH, Phœnixville, "
LUCRETIA MOTT, Cheltenham Hills, Montgomery Co., Pa.
ABBY KIMBER, No. 1011 Green street, Philadelphia.
SARAH PUGH, " "
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH, 1709 Green street, "
EDWIN FUSSELL, 910 North Fifth street, "
EDWARD TOWNSEND, 626 North Fourth st., "

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED.

$2 to $3 a day.—FEMALE AGENTS are wanted, at home or to travel, for the

MAMMOTH "FAMILY PICTORIAL,"

an elegant Periodical, of Home Literature, Pure Morality, and practical Common Sense. The largest, best, handsomest and cheapest Illustrated Family Paper in the world, at only 75 cts a year; 40 cts. for six months, or 25 cts. for three months, and ONE HALF OF THE MONEY given to Female Agents. Enclose a three cent stamp for Specimen copies, &c., to MABIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO., publishers, 429 Broadway, New York.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.—The next (summer) Term of this Institution will commence on Wednesday, May 23, and continue ten weeks. Applications for admission should be made at as early a date as practicable. For circulars containing full particulars, please address,

WM. S. HAYWOOD, }
ABBIE H. HAYWOOD } Principals.

Hopedale, Milford, Mass., April 3, 1860.

H. L. GREEN, of Cortlandville, keeps for sale all of the published works of Emerson, Parker, Lydia Maria Child, G. W. Curtis, Chapin, Beecher, Mayo, Starr King, and all other live men and women; also, the Life of John Brown, Life of Loguen, and most of the Anti-Slavery publications of the day. Sent, on receipt of the publishers price, free of postage.

Miscellaneous Department.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

There is a voice through our city sent,
But not with its thousand murmurs blent;
For it hath no part in the jarring sounds
That rise in a city's troubled bounds.
But it tells of the flowers by rock and rill
Whose breath the breezes bring;
And the words of that pleasant voice are still—
"Come forth to meet the spring;
For she comes as full of promise yet
As when Eden's flowers her footsteps met.

"Come forth, for the light of her smile hath shone
On the far old hills and forests lone;
They are green with the dews of gentle showers,
They are rich in the odors of earthly flowers.
Come forth, for the buds of another spring
May all as brightly bloom;
But the trees of the churchyard's growth may fling
Their shade o'er many a tomb,
And eyes that are beaming brightly now
May gaze no more on the blossomed bough."

They hear that summons loud and long,
In the crowded haunts of the toiling throng;
It fills the dreams of the 'prisoned child
With songs of the woodbirds sweet and wild;
But it whispers love in the sleepless ear
Of the maiden young and pale,
Of a cottage home by a fountain clear,
In a far and sunny vale.
And the young heart answers with a prayer
For the lot of the birds and blossoms there.

It speaks, by the prison's dreary walls,
Of plains where the oak's broad shadow falls,
Of dewy dells and of breezy steeps,
Where the stream in its path of freedom sweeps:
And, oh! how its faintest murmurs rise
By the sick and lonely bed,
For they tell of the health and hope that lies
Where the wood flowers' scents are shed;
But the spring that shines on that slumberer's dreams
Hath never brightened our earthly streams.

It speaks, in the student's lonely room,
Of sweetest love, where the violets bloom
By homes or graves, where he left the truth
And love, perchance, of his blighted youth,
Till the weary eye from pen and page
Turns fondly back at last
To the joy of its early heritage,
In the glow of summers past;
For nought that can meet his onward gaze
Hath half the light of those vanished days.

It breathes on the exile's hours of rest
A dream of the land he loves the best;
Till its scenes arise to his memory's view,
Still bright with the springs his childhood knew.
Oh! could such blessed dreams restore
To the withered hearts of men
The bloom of those early springs once more!
For the flowers may come again;
But they never can be what they have been
To the heart before it lost its green.

"Come forth, come forth"; how that joyous call
Is sent like the winds of heaven to all!
But it comes in vain to many a heart,
For whom life hath lost its better part.
Ah! wo for the hopeless years that bring
No summers in their flight;
But joy to the land of our promised spring,
Where the bloom is ever bright;
For hearts who have lost their verdure here
May find it yet in that fadeless sphere.

Thus faintly murmurs a broken string,
Awoke by the passing breath of spring;
But it wakens no more the harp whose swell
Hath echoed its sweetest tones so well.
We heard them far, and we loved them long,
That gentle harp and band;
But they left our paths for the ceaseless song
Of the minstrel's "Better Land,"
And the isles may listen long in vain,
Till the spring-breeze wakes such a harp again.

—*Hood's Magazine.* Frances Brown.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Madge's time was now solely taken up with her horse, dog and evening visits to the quarter. Time was slipping by sweetly and gently as though it moved on golden sands. Mail day formed the one event of the week, as she constantly looked for a letter from Mr. Butler. Each steamer brought her two or three; but as she lived so far from the sea-board, she did not get them as often as her anxious heart desired. Funny, indeed, it was to see her when she wrote her first letter to him. Sheet after sheet of paper was written over, read and then thrown into the fire. At first she was at a loss how to address him. "Dear Mr. Butler" sounded too formal; "dear friend" was not exactly what she wished to express; and "*mon ami*" seemed too questionable. How very arch she appeared, sitting in the library, with paper spread out before her and pen held loosely in hand, while a queer, odd, perturbed expression stole over her usually free and sunny face. But somehow or other she got through the difficult task, and, after the first one, it was easy enough to write the others.

The great subject of conversation now at "Vertner Place" was the approaching wedding of the young mistress, for at length, in answer to Mr. Butler's earnest solicitations, seconded by Mrs. Vertner's wishes and Madge's timidly-expressed desire, Col. Vertner had consented to allow the marriage to take place some time during the coming summer. They were now beginning to expect Mr. Butler over. Each letter alluded to his return. For he declared that even England, his dear old home, could afford him nothing at all compensating for the delights of America, particularly the jolly and pleasant little "Place" in old Kentucky.

The house was now filled with that greatest of all domestic nuisances, painters, and paperers, and upholsterers. The time was April—that lovely, fitful month, when the woods were all abud and fresh with the tender early green which makes the south-western spring so delightful and charming.

Madge, for whom all these household preparations were going on, seemed to take but little interest in them. "Indeed," she one day exclaimed to her mother, "I don't see any use in all this renovation of the house and furniture. Why can't matters stand as they always have? Let me get married in a quiet, unostentatious manner. I don't like to see the house so torn up. I wish the paperers and painters would be away." To this her mother returned no other answer than to order her off as a silly child who did not understand anything rational. The old negroes worked regularly of nights, of holidays, and during little rare, odd moments, upon baskets and fancy brooms, which they wished to present to Miss Madge on her wedding-day; these were to be kept profoundly secret; so whenever Madge came into the cabins, these articles were carefully hidden away, tucked under beds, or slipped off in old presses or cupboards.

"What are you driving at, Aunt Polly?" asked Madge, one evening, as she entered the cabin, and Aunt Polly began bustling about, pushing something off in a pine box which was used for a sort of cupboard.

"Oh, noffin, Miss Madge; noffin at all, only some little fixin' o' mine dat you don't kere to see."

"Now, ain't she an angel?" the old woman continued to Uncle Peter, when Madge left; "she jist give up right away and never axed to see a bit; now, it was jist her right to make us show it to her; but she never axed or said a word arter I tole her 'twas somethin' she warn't to see."

"Yes, she arn't no wise 'quisitive," replied Uncle Peter; "she's a mighty lady person, Miss Madge, she is."

Pleasantly, sweetly and brightly as a moonlight dream the days stole on. Madge was happy as ever; the bond which united her and her father seemed to strengthen each and every day. Col. Vertner loved his daughter more and more, and Madge's faith and trust in him increased. Of late she had marked with regret the deepening of a cloud upon his brow, and she feared it was occasioned by the thought of losing her.

"Dear papa," she one day cried, as she entered the library and found him sitting there, with his face buried in his hands, "what is the matter with you? Don't think that I have not observed the gloomy cloud on your brow which you have so vainly tried to conceal from me. Are you distressed at the thought of losing me? Mr. Butler will be reasonable; he will not take me away; we will live here with you."

"No, dear child, no," replied Col. Vertner as he strained his daughter to his heart, "you shall not leave me. I have written to Mr. Butler that I would never give away my daughter, though I would consent to receive a son."

"But what *an old son!*" exclaimed Madge, with a bright smile. "Why, papa, Mr. Butler must be as old as you."

"Don't ever say that to him, dear," replied the thoughtful father. "Oh, my Madge, if trouble should ever come to you—you whom I have so shielded and sheltered from the rude blasts of the world—if it should come, how it will wear you down! You have never been accustomed to rough usage. Should things fail to run smoothly with you, come directly to your father; he will know how to soothe and comfort you. Here in my heart is your home, your asylum. Always love your father, darling, and know that he has meant to do justly, kindly by you. If he has failed, has made a mistake, think he did not mean it, and that his whole life was given to the atonement."

"Papa, what makes you talk so? What could ever happen that would make me blame you? Of late you talk so much in this strain."

"Do I, darling?" he asked, in surprise.

"Yes, and I cannot understand you. Do you ever suppose that I can be ungrateful to you or blame you for aught?"

"No, child, no. I am very foolish and fearful; forgive me; don't heed me; I am an old dotard; my love for you is crazing me."

Mrs. Vertner had grown fonder of her daughter than usual. As the time approached for giving her up to the keeping and love of another, Madge's virtues and graces shone out to her mother and rendered her of some little consequence in that worthy person's estimation.

Madge now began to count the days that were to elapse before the return of Mr. Butler. A late letter had informed her of the vessel upon which he was about to take passage. Of course she was all anxiety and interest. One day, when she had gone into the woods for a walk—it was now about the middle of May; the woods were green and fresh, a carpet of soft, young grass enamelled with violets and early May flowers, was spread around—she was half lying on an old log under a beautiful beech tree, with a well-read letter of Mr. Butler lying open beside her, and with hat untied and her mantle thrown off, was watching with intense interest the lively movement of a squirrel which was bouncing and hopping from bough to bough, when a rustle and noise near by surprised her.

"Hush! hush!" she exclaimed, in a subdued tone, without turning round, "don't disturb Bunny."

A hand was suddenly and rather rudely laid upon her shoulder. Quickly she turned.

"Who are you?"

There, close to her side, she beheld a wild, weird-looking creature, a woman with torn and ragged dress, hair hanging neglected, matted and tangled over her tawny, sunken cheeks, and a wild, feverish light in her eyes.

"Who are you?" repeated Madge.

Yet the woman did not speak, but, with her hand still resting heavily on Madge's shoulder, she earnestly gazed into her face.

"Who are you?" asked Madge for the third time.

"Who am I? You have forgotten me, Madge Vertner; I know you well enough." There was something harsh in her voice, and Madge thought it expressed revenge or dislike of her. Though undismayed, she asked,

"Whoever you are, and you seem to know me, I hope you are not one who bears any ill will to me. I have wronged no one. Why, then, have you seized me so?"

The woman relaxed her hold, and stepping a little off from Madge, asked, as she parted the long mats of tangled hair,

"Have you forgotten our first place of meeting? or do you remember when and where we parted?"

Madge struggled with a vague sort of memory. It seemed as if she ought to know the woman; there was a tone or a look that she thought lay hid away somewhere in her mind, but which she could not now fully recall. The longer she looked, the more puzzled she became. At length the woman said,

"Rachel!—whipping post!!—Col. Vertner!!"

These words broke hissingly through her clenched teeth; and then, as if by a lightning flash, the whole past scene came back to her.

"Rachel! poor Rachel! is it indeed you?" Madge sprang forward, attempted to catch the woman by the hand, but she waved her off, saying,

"Don't come near me till I tell you what is on my heart, what I have many times meant to tell you, but could not, for a seal was on my lips; don't come nigh me, I say again."

Her eye was very wild, her cheeks flushed, and her entire manner indicated one mentally deranged.

Madge felt like urging her not to speak, but again the woman waved her off.

"Madge Vertner," she said, "you are not the daughter of Mrs. Vertner, nor yet the legal child of your own father. In your proud veins flows a little of that blood which your mother and the whole white race so despise. You are an octoroon, the child of a quadroon woman, who was a slave; and were it well known who you are, you would be a slave now, owned by your own father and counted as his property."

Though Madge did not believe one word of this, she turned deadly pale, and a greenish light stole over everything. Dizzily she sank down upon the log from which she had previously risen. Immediately Rachel rushed to her side, and caught her in her arms. "I remember the time when you rendered me a generous service, and for that act of kindness I have never forgotten you. Mine and your" (the woman smiled) "race can at least be grateful. Madge Vertner, you have been gently and tenderly reared; had your education and fortune made you proud and haughty—made you rude and overbearing to your father's slaves—I should, God knows, long ago have entered your Eden and poisoned all the flowers of your life. But I found you kind and sympathizing, loved by every one, most of all by your father's slaves. From them I heard the kindest things of you; and in the moment of my own great trouble, you were the one who relieved me. I feel, then, that I owe you a great deal. Yet this secret, which, I doubt not, will pain you, has laid so heavily on my heart that I *must* tell you of it; but now I shall never again speak of it to mortal being, only let it, if possible, increase your sympathy with the race to which you belong by one little drop of yellow blood. I see you are incredulous—perhaps, positively disbelieve me; but push back the hair from your temples; see if they are not darker than other parts of your face; examine the points of your fingers, see the yellowish tint there, and you will recognize the one drop which, in the eye of the whites, corrupts your blood and puts you beyond the pale of refined sympathy."

Like one stupefied, Madge sat listening to the woman. She believed her mad, and yet a thousand doubts forbade her condemning the statement as utterly false. She recalled, in a moment, how often her father had talked of some possible trouble that might come to her—of a wrong he had unwittingly done her; then, too, she remembered her mother's coldness and seeming want of love for her. Doubts, such as these, spite of faith and life-time love, battled for an entrance. A trying moment it was to her then! "What!" she asked herself, "not the true daughter of these parents? Am I a poor alien child, of low birth, with a stain on my name and blood? No, I can't and won't believe it." Then, speaking aloud to Rachel, she said,

"I can't believe you, poor distraught; you are not accountable for what you say; but I forgive you freely the momentary trouble you have caused me, for you have suffered deeply and have been deeply wronged."

"You think me crazy," cried the woman with a wild tone and a fierce eye; "*you* think *me* crazy. God knows I have borne enough in my life to make me so, but I'm not crazy; no, thank God, I have a spark of reason left, though the white people have done little to let me keep it. I only wonder that my very life was not smothered out. Look here, Madge Vertner," and Rachel drew close to our young heroine, took her seat on the same log, and laid her hand on Madge's—"I was not always what I now am. I remember the time when I had friends, and thought I should have always a father's love around me. God knows I never expected to become the thing I am. My father was your father, Andrew Vertner's uncle, so that you see I bear the same blood in my veins and am every way worthy to sit by you. My poor father did everything for me; he had me well educated, and left me money enough to take care of me, with prudence and economy; but your father found me in my quiet Northern home, where he should have left me unmolested; when, however, did a white man and a slaveholder respect virtue or honor in a mulatto? Let it be enough to say that my story is the old story of faith belied, confidence deceived, and a heart broken in its first life. I followed Andrew Vertner as a dog; I lived upon the mere light of his smile; followed him out to this dreary country, and lived quietly for years in that cabin where you first found me. I think him not all a bad man, for there were times when he showed something like genuine feeling and regret for 'the follies,' as he termed them, of his early life. Ah! God! his 'follies' have been mine and your ruin. Though he was married when I first met him, he never told me so. I was promised, at some future time, honorable marriage; and when I came here, I learned, with horror, that a young and lovely slave girl, a beautiful and petted quadroon, belonging to a friend of Col. Vertner's, had also to pay, with her heart's best blood, the price his youthful 'folly' demanded; and you, my child, are the sad fruit of that unhappy love. I have heard Alice (your mother's name) say that when Andrew Vertner first looked down into your eyes, as you lay in the cradle, he struck his breast in an agony of grief, for he knew to what an inheritance you were born; but he swore a fearful oath that he himself would go into slavery rather than let you bear the misery and degradation of such a lot, and well he kept his word. About this time your mother, or she whom you have been taught to regard as your mother—I mean Mrs. Vertner—had put her own babe (a sickly child) out to nurse, and this child soon after died; then your father conceived the plan of putting you in the cradle, and, without acknowledging the death of the other, pass you off as the legitimate child. Of course Alice joyfully agreed to the plan, for she knew it would be for your good. Old Lucy, the nurse, was paid a large bribe to keep the secret. There were only three of us beside your father who understood the secret. I was obliged to be told it, as I knew of the death of the other child, and no deception could be passed upon me. Do you believe me now?"

"I can't say why, but there is something that makes me fear you do not speak altogether falsely. But, oh! say that you have deceived me, have played upon my foolish fears, and I will kneel to you and bless you forever."

Madge had risen from her seat, clasped her hands wildly, and was about to fall upon her knees at the mulatto's feet, when the latter suddenly checked her, and drew out a paper, saying, as she offered it,

"Read that, and satisfy your doubts."

The paper contained a full confession of the fraud which had been practised upon Mrs. Vertner, with an acknowledgment of the large bribe received by the nurse, and was signed with the cross mark (✕) of old Lucy. The confession had been drawn up and written off by Rachel. Madge's eye ran rapidly over the words, then, as if shocked beyond all possible mode of expression, she let the paper fall at her feet. Rachel gathered it hastily up and again concealed it in the folds of her dress.

"I can't understand," said Madge, through her tears, "why, even if this dreadful story be true, you should come to blight all my happiness, to dash the full cup of life just as it was about to be pressed to my lips—I—I who never did you any harm, who strove, even when you were a stranger to me, to do you the little good that laid in my power. How have I warmed in my breast an adder that stings me now—here you are biting at my very heart and poisoning me to death."

Rachel laid her hand upon Madge's shoulder.

"Take it off," cried Madge, starting from her, "I will not have you come near me. You have killed me with those terrible words. But I'll not believe you; you are a poor crazy wretch, whom I should only pity."

"Go, ask your father!"

"Yes, that is what I will do, and he shall prove you a mean, wicked liar," exclaimed Madge, all the passionate fire of her nature returning.

Hastily gathering up her letter and hat, she moved rapidly away; but when a few yards off, at the border of the wood, she could not resist the impulse to turn and look back at her tormentor. There, under the budding trees, with her torn feet crushing the fresh grass, stood the ragged and forlorn woman. All the harshness was gone from her face, only a look of sadness had succeeded, and, with downcast eye and arms drooping wearily at her side, while the tattered garments hung like sackcloth about her form, she looked a very Magdalen. The scene was peaceful and beautiful, for the evening star and the young moon had risen and were softly shining down upon the green May forest. As Madge turned round, and with a quick glance, took in the whole scene, the mournful attitude of the woman, softened by the subduing influences of the hour and scene, touched her heart and made her half forgive the wrong Rachel had done her. She was tempted to turn back and say as much to the woman; but another and a prouder feeling checked her, and she continued her walk in the direction of home.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

HIS EXPURGATION OF HIS WRITINGS AGAINST SLAVERY.

The death of Irving has been closely followed by the death of Paulding. It is not a little singular that these two men, having begun their literary adventures side by side, in the same pages of Salmagundi half a century ago, and having been widely separated during a great period of their careers by the pursuit of different tasks and tastes, should have found themselves, at the close of their long lives, in such near neighborhood of residence, and with such equal lease of years, that they died well-nigh in the same place, and at the same time. The days of the one were ended at Sunnyside only a little while before the grave of the other was to be opened at Hyde Park.

Mr. Paulding's death has called out already the usual number of biographical and critical notices of the writer and his works. We do not design, in this paper, to add another to these sketches; nor to reënumerate the titles and dates of his twenty-five collected, and his twenty-five uncollected, volumes; but only to point out, in the author's literary career, a single significant fact to which no other journal, so far as we have seen, has yet made allusion.

Mr. Paulding early acquired a national celebrity as a satirist, who, by his pungent ridicule, stirred the whole country to a risible yet patriotic contempt of the British people, king, and army, during the War of 1812; he pointed the pen against the red-coats, as General Scott pointed the sword; he took the field on the printed page, and covered himself with glory in campaigns of books and tracts. The skirmishing pamphleteer, during the whole progress of the war, performed a volunteer's service which was alike honorable and brilliant. Soon after the treaty of peace, prompted by the same natural instinct of righteous sympathy with the wronged, he continued still further his resistance to oppression, no longer now in the form of British aggression, but in the more terrible form of American slavery; becoming as severe against the enslavement of Africans in the Southern States as he had been before against the impressment of Americans in the Eastern cities; until, as if wishing voluntarily to prevent a useful and distinguished career, he chose suddenly to disappoint the promise of his former life by becoming a politician, and by sacrificing at a single blow, for the sake of place and power, all the generous impulses for liberty which had so long stirred his pulse.

The signal event which marked this change in his views and purposes was a remarkable mutilation—unsparing as Peter Titlemann's chopping of the heretics—committed by the author's own hand upon all his early writings against slavery, and performed solely as an act of obedience to the growing influence of Southern intimidation upon Northern courage of speech; a melancholy exhibition of moral cowardice which was first pointed out, and condemned in terms of merited severity, by the late Judge Jay.

The facts were these: In the summer of 1816, Mr. Paulding made a tour through some of the Southern States, and wrote a series of "Letters from the South," which were published in the following year. At the time of his visit, he not only saw slavery as it was, but described it as he saw it; nor did he spare the peculiar institution its just exposure and condemnation. As an example, he thus narrates an illustrative incident which he learned from the lips of a coffle-driver:

> "When he had got some half-dozen of these poor creatures, *he tied their hands behind their backs, and drove them three or four hundred miles or more, bareheaded and half-naked, through the burning Southern sun.* 'I made one bad purchase, though,' continued he; 'I bought a young mulatto girl, a lovely creature, a great bargain. She had been the favorite of her master, who had lately married. The difficulty was to get her to go, for the poor creature loved her master. However, I swore most bitterly I was only going to take her to her mother's at ——, and she went with me, though she seemed to doubt me very much. But when she discovered, at last, that we were out of the State, I thought she would go mad, and, in fact, the next night she drowned herself in the river close by. *I lost a good five hundred dollars by this foolish trick.*'" (Vol. I., p. 121.)

The following is one of Mr. Paulding's original and faithful pictures of scenes which he witnessed in Virginia:

> "The sun was shining out very hot, and, in turning an angle of the road, we encountered the following group: first, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were *tumbled like pigs together*. The cart had no covering, and they seemed to have been *broiled to sleep*. Behind the cart marched three black women, *with head, neck and breasts uncovered*, and without *shoes or stockings*; next came three men, bareheaded, half-naked, and *chained together with an ox chain*. Last of all came a white man—a white man, Frank!—on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the *impudence to look us in the face without blushing*. I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE HIM HUNTED BY BLOODHOUNDS. At a house where we stopped, a little further on, we learned that he had brought these miserable beings from Maryland, and was marching them in this manner to some of the more Southern States. *Shame on the State of Maryland! I say—and shame on the State of Virginia, and every State through which this wretched cavalcade was permitted to pass!*" (Vol. I., p. 117.)

Such were Mr. Paulding's honest views, and such were the manly words in which he uttered them, at the time of the first publication of his letters. But in 1835, when these same letters came to be reprinted, to form the fifth and sixth volumes of a new edition of his works, Mr. Paulding, having in the meantime become an aspirant for political advancement, and having sagaciously perceived that the likeliest road to a good office led through a gauntlet of pro-slavery politicians to whom he must offer deference as he passed, stooped so low in his own dishonor as to strike out from these pages, after they had stood eighteen years before the world, every stirring and eloquent sentence of testimony which they contained against the crime of holding human beings in bonds, and of selling them as wares!

The Eleventh Letter of the series was cut down, on republication, from fourteen pages to three; the omitted parts being passages against slavery. Not a solitary allusion to the inter-State slavetraffic, nor a single word to which the most excitable Southern planter could object, was permitted to stand. Nor was this all. The Nineteenth Letter, which in 1817 contained no reference whatever to slavery, was supplemented in 1835 with a gloomy prediction of the dangers which would result to the country from the anti-slavery agitation: particularly, to use the author's own words, from "the misguided or wilfully malignant zeal of the advocates of emancipation"; from "appeals made under the sanction of religion to the passions of the ignorant and excited blacks"; and from "societies formed in sister States for the avowed purpose of virtually destroying the value of this principal item in the property of a Southern planter."

These new and strange-sounding sentences were put in place of the very different readings which he had erased, and the new version was offered by the author as an humble apology to the Slave Power. But as if even this were not a sufficient atonement for having stood once courageously true to his higher nature, he published in the following year a book expressly entitled "Slavery in the United States," in which he defended the institution as of divine appointment and authority—putting under it, for its support, the double pillars of the Old Testament and the New.

In this volume—which was equally a proselyte's recantation of faith, and a politician's treaty of peace—the author declared that Great Britain, by abolishing slavery in the West Indies, "committed robbery under cover of humanity"; and, moreover, as if desirous to make a still more complete obliteration of every line and trace of the terrible picture which he had formerly drawn in Virginia, he made the following remarkable statement:

> "In a residence of several years within the District, and a *pretty extensive course of travel in some of the Southern States*, we never saw or heard of any such instances of cruelty. We saw no chains, and heard no stripes." (p. 163.)

Did Mr. Paulding forget to remember, or remember to forget, that during his "pretty extensive course of travel in some of the Southern States," he saw "three men, bareheaded, half-naked, and *chained together with an ox-chain*"? Did he lose all recollection of the "half-dozen poor creatures" who, "with their hands behind their backs," had been "driven three or four hundred miles or more, bareheaded and half-naked, through the burning Southern sun"? Had he quite banished from his mind the tragic fate of the poor girl who drowned herself in the river by night, for the mere foolish trick of cheating her master out of five hundred dollars? Had he no recollection of once looking at a drove of slaves, and exclaiming that he would like to have seen the driver "hunted by bloodhounds"? Had he no lingering impression that he once cried out, in a generous passion of indignation, "Shame on the State of Maryland! and shame on the State of Virginia"?

We are aware that public men, in not very rare instances, sometimes find it convenient to have an easy memory that knows how, in an emergency, to slip its cable—to break away from irksome moorings to disagreeable facts—to float out, free of past incumbrance, upon the Lethean flood! Did Mr. Paulding purposely set his mind adrift upon this charmed current, or did he lose himself in a merely accidental oblivion? Or rather, did he ever afterwards, consciously or unconsciously, find that this forgetfulness, if it were accidental, was at least opportune?

How could a forgiving government remember any longer against Mr. Paulding the unhappy record which Mr. Paulding had already forgotten against himself? It shall no more be said that republics are ungrateful; for in the very next year after the publication of these recanting pages, the author was invited to take a seat in the President's Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy!

We regret to say that Mr. Paulding never subsequently took occasion—by any word from his pen, or by any act of his life—to right the great wrong which, by these unmanly volumes of '35 and '36, he committed against an oppressed people whose bondage and sufferings he had witnessed with his own eyes. On the contrary, he remained, to his old age, an ever-willing apologist and defender of the cruel system whose cruelty he himself had so vividly portrayed. His lamentable defection, as now reviewed at the end of twenty-five years, appears the more inexcusable from one painful fact; that the vast multitude of slaves in the South has been continually increasing in number, almost in sole consequence of that general demoralization of public sentiment which too many public men have been ready to hasten rather than to arrest, and which now permits the perpetuation of an institution which it might long ago have peaceably overthrown!

A very few years passing over the grave of a man long-honored during his life may cause a complete reversal of the popular standing which he maintained before he died; time plays strange freaks with fame; nor would it be surprising if the next generation—which certainly will not care to cherish many of Mr. Paulding's writings—were to look back upon the writer as an ambitious man who worked sixty years to earn a literary and political reputation, yet who succeeded in being remembered chiefly as having proved himself once true, but ever afterwards false, to the cause of the oppressed against the oppressor.

We know not why, amid the many eulogies that have already been spoken, and that yet remain to be spoken, upon the old man dying in the fulness of his years and of his honors, this merited criticism should not be added to the rest—as a true and honest word dropped not unkindly, but only regretfully, upon his grave. The memory of the dead should be sacred against calumny, but never against justice; and the cause of liberty is of too high a value to mankind to be sacrificed without protest, either to a politician's promotion during his life, or to an author's fame after his death.—Theodore Tilton.—*Independent.*

THE FREEMAN'S SONG.

(FROM THE "OLIVE-BRANCH," BY WILLIAM STOKES.)

Oh! give me the freedom to speak as I think,
And liberty's fulness with Milton to drink;
To bask on the mountain, or bathe in the stream,
With sages to wonder—with poets to dream.

Oh! give me the freedom to utter and teach
The heart-felt conviction in plain open speech;
With Cato, and Hampden, and Chatham to stand,
And plead with all boldness the weal of my land.

Oh! give me the freedom to make honest search,
For creed and for party, for sect and for church;
To act for myself in all matters divine,
For "soundings" to take with "another man's line."

Oh! give me the freedom to stand forth alone,
And vice to expose, though the vice of the throne;
Nor let me be shackled, or fetter'd, or lined,
When stringing my bow at the faults of mankind.

Oh! give me the freedom and home of the brave,
With soil never trod by the foot of the slave;
Where tyrants, and dungeons, and chains are unknown,
And liberty's smile is the stay of the throne.

Oh! give me this treasure—then, perish the gold
That miser-fools barter for liberty sold;
I'll rove on the mountain, the broad ocean scan,
And sing the lov'd freedom that makes me a man.

BARON HUMBOLDT AND PRINCE ALBERT.

The *Athenæum* contains a review of an extraordinary volume of correspondence of the late Baron Humboldt. In the volume is a letter from Prince Albert, acknowledging the receipt of Humboldt's "Kosmos." "Unfortunately," says the *Athenæum*, "this last contains no expression which Humboldt, not being perhaps in the best of humors when he wrote about it to Varnhagen, has turned into ridicule. The Prince Consort concludes his letter thus: 'May heaven, "whose circling seas of light and star-terraces" you so nobly describe, preserve you still for many years to your country, the world, and the Kosmos itself, in undisturbed freshness both of body and soul. This is the sincere wish of your entirely devoted Albert.' Upon this Humboldt remarks to Varnhagen that the Prince 'makes me speak of "circling seas of light and star-terraces"—a Coburg variation on my text and *quite English* from Windsor, where there are nothing but terraces.' He then goes on to state that once in the 'Kosmos' he used the word 'star-carpet,' for which the Prince has substituted 'star-terraces'—an offence which, we think, need not have been visited with any severity.

"The Prince Consort was evidently no favorite with Humboldt, who complains of him in this very letter for his want of politeness towards him some years previously, when at Stolzenfels. On that occasion he says the Prince asked him to present a copy of the 'Kosmos,' which Humboldt, of course, did, and 'the Prince,' he says, 'had the politeness not to thank me.' The Prince's letter to him he characterizes as a 'wooden, weak epistle'—and he is even vexed at the Prince sending him a copy of Catherwood's 'Views in Central America'—'a book,' he says, 'that I purchased myself two years ago; a fine edition of Byron would have been far more agreeable.' In all this we think the natural philosopher tart and crotchety. A more suitable literary gift than Catherwood's 'Views' for a prince to make to such a traveller as Humboldt does not occur to our mind. How was the Prince to know that the philosopher would have preferred an edition of Byron? He thinks it singular, also, that no mention is made of the Queen in Prince Albert's letter, and concludes, quite gratuitously, as it appears to us, that it is because his 'book of nature' is not sufficiently Christian in its tone to secure her commendation. 'You see,' he says, 'how severely I can judge when princes write.'

"In another letter to Varnhagen, in reply to one in which his correspondent objects to the severity of his strictures upon Prince Albert, he still girds at the Prince, whom he calls 'the Man of the Star-Terraces,' and affirms, when he was with him at Stolzenfels, the Prince remarked to him, 'I know that you have great sympathy for the sufferings of the Russian Poles, which is a pity, for the Poles deserve our sympathy as little as the Irish.' 'Mihi dixit!' he exclaims; 'and this is the beautiful husband of Great Britain's Queen!' We very much doubt the accuracy of Humboldt's memory upon this point. The words attributed to the Prince Consort do not seem to be in his style. There is a vexation and unfairness in all Humboldt's remarks upon the Prince, that will make his admirers regret that they should ever have been published under his name."

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 13th ult., supplies the text of the Emperor Alexander's reply to the deputies from the committees for emancipating the serfs. The Emperor says:

Gentlemen: I shall begin by once more expressing my gratitude to the three governments of Lithuania which instigated the discussion on this interesting question. I think it necessary to repeat to you, gentlemen, what the Marshals who are among you have already learned from me. You are aware, gentlemen, how much this affair interests me, and how much it affects my heart; and I am certain that it is as dear to you as it is to me. I have but one object—the happiness of my empire, and I am convinced that you have no other. I desire that the improvement of the condition of the peasants may shortly become an accomplished fact, and that this reform may be effected without violence. But that cannot be obtained without sacrifices on your part. My desire is to render these sacrifices as little onerous as possible to the nobility. I have caused a sketch of your labors in the capital to be prepared, and your duties are defined in it in a positive manner. You have been summoned here to reply to the questions which shall be addressed to you. Moreover, if you consider it necessary to add your own propositions and your personal opinions, you can do so officially, and I shall be informed of them. Act, then, in accord, animated by one single feeling—the public good. I know that absurd reports have been circulated, which have probably reached your ears. It was pretended that the nobility had lost my confidence. It is false; pay no attention to these reports, but place your faith in me. At the commencement I addressed myself to the nobility; in full confidence I now address myself to you, with the same belief that you will realize my expectations. The Minister of the Interior and Count Panin, whom I named President of the Commission in place of General Rostowzoff, know my ideas and my manner of viewing this question. They can communicate them to you in detail. Your duty, gentlemen, is to second us, and I advise you to invoke the Divine protection.

Then, turning towards Count Panin, the Emperor added:

I present to you your colleagues. I am convinced that they will set themselves seriously to work. I request of you to bring this affair to a conclusion in a prudent and serious manner, without, however, too long delaying the solution. Adieu, gentlemen; I wish you success.

CONTROVERSY.

I've struck the milk-white quartz with gentle blow,
And split with hammer fragment from the rock,
When lo, unquarried by the shivering shock,
The precious emerald's crystal beauties glow!
Thus from the mine of thought, obscure and low,
Does force of argument the gem unlock
Whose charms the beams of star-born diamond mock;
That gem is truth—the truth which angels know!
Delve patient; make the stubborn barriers fly;
Though long the toil, let hope assuage thy care;
Each blow the glad and glistening beams may wake.
With zeal contend; the inquisition ply;
Yet in debate this needful caution bear—
Be gentle, or the crystal thou mayst break!

—*Allen's Christian Sonnets.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Miss Nightingale.—The public will learn with the deepest regret that the long-continued illness of Miss Nightingale has become most serious. Sunday prayers were to be offered in her behalf in all the garrison chapels.

The Princess Frederick William.—The Brussels *Independance* states that Queen Victoria is expected at Berlin towards the end of June. "This journey is principally to be attributed," says that journal, "to the happy event expected to take place in the month of July in the family of Prince Frederick William, her son-in-law."

Reformed Criminals.—Lord Shaftesbury presided on Tuesday at a meeting held at the reformatory in Smith street, Westminster, to bid farewell to six reformed criminals, who, having completed their term of probation, and passed through the required tests, are about to proceed, under the auspices of the institution, as free emigrants to the United States.

Curiosities of the Post Office.—Last week, a letter passed through the Post-office, Ystrad Mynach, near Caerphilly with the following singular address: "Mr. Thos. Morgan, Dery newydd farm by Horse and Greyhound Pontlotyn. A mason by trade But a laborer now A tall dark man he is, Cwmyrgwyddgwin Gelligaer Glamorganshire."—*Cardiff Guardian.*

Nemesis.—One of the performers in the horrid tragedies of the Robespierre period has just met an awfully dismal end at the age of ninety-seven. A vagrant and beggar for the last 40 years, Lazarois, better known as Tablits Le Barbu, sought and got shelter lately at the fireside of a peasant in the hamlet of St. Symphorien, near Lyons. Left alone, he was struck with epilepsy, and fell headlong into the braiser. He had been factotum to the miscreant Carrier, in executing the famous Noyades at Nantes, when hundreds of Bretons were plunged into the Loire in batches and handcuffed.—*Globe.*

Lord Brougham.—During the absence from circuit of Mr. Campbell (now Lord Campbell) on his matrimonial trip with the *ci-devant* Miss Scarlett, Justice Abbott observed, when a cause was called on, "I thought, Mr. Brougham, that Mr. Campbell was in this case." "Yes, my Lord," replied Mr. Brougham, with that sarcastic look peculiarly his own; "he was, my Lord, but I understand he is ill." "I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Brougham," said the judge, taking snuff. "My Lord," replied Brougham, "it is whispered here that the cause of my learned friend's absence is the Scarlett fever."

Prince Albert a Printer.—There is a lithographing printing press attached to the Palace, and hard work it is at times to print for the daily papers. The Court newsman is a mysterious personage, who superintends this department. Great was the labor required on Wednesday with that terrible list of names of officers presented to the Queen. It had all to be carefully arranged and printed in time for sending round to the daily papers the same evening. Besides this department, Prince Albert, it is said, has a fancy printing-office, and amuses himself with the mysteries of the art for private purposes, besides employing leisure hours in wood engraving, photographing, nature-printing, &c. What may be called the scientific arts are his hobby.

The Danger of Practical Jokes.—Two boys have been tried at Bury St. Edmunds for the manslaughter of a young girl. They were romping with her, and, by way of a practical joke, had rolled her in the meal bin. The poor child escaped from them, and after running a few yards fell down and died, choked by the meal in her mouth and nostrils. The Lord Chief Justice, addressing the prisoners, said: "This is a very sad case. I quite believe that you had no intention to cause the death of the poor child. You must both of you feel severely the consequences of your foolish frolic. As I wish you should have time to reflect on what has happened, you must each of you be kept in prison for fourteen days, but without hard labor."

Peculiar Defence.—A man who was tried at Kingston on Saturday for stealing a horse made the defence that he was an American, that he had only been a short time in this country, that he had no intention to steal the horse, and that the reason he took it was that he might reach the railroad station at Kingston in time to catch the train. Mr. Justice Wightman said that in this country breaking open the gates of a yard and taking a horse out of the stable and riding away with it, without the consent of the owner, was not considered "borrowing," but "stealing"; and the jury would not have exercised much common sense if they had given effect to such a defence as had been suggested. He then sentenced the prisoner to eighteen months' hard labor.

A cotemporary says that Prince Alfred is being brought up in the service precisely the same as if he were the son of a private gentleman. "He messes with the midshipmen, keeps his private watch, dines occasionally in the ward-room, and takes his turn to dine with the captain. He is treated by his messmates as in all respects one of themselves, is called to order by the caterer, and runs the same risk of being made the subject of a practical joke as any other young gentleman—himself, however, being generally pretty forward in the business of playful mischief. Upon one question—that of smoking—the young prince is sternly denied the privilege indulged in by other officers. That growing weakness of the age, most mischievous in its consequences, particularly when carried to excess, is prohibited as far as Prince Alfred is concerned; and upon one occasion, we believe, his Royal Highness had his leave stopped for a fortnight, for being detected in the act of 'blowing a cloud.'"

Scene in a Church.—On Monday, the Hon. Mr. Baron Martin, and the Hon Mr. Baron Channell arrived at Taunton, in Somersetshire, for the purpose of holding the assizes for that county, and during the service which their lordships attended as usual, at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, a woman of middle age, and apparently of the working class, rose from her seat in the middle of the building, and, in a loud tone of voice, exclaimed, "My friends, let me entreat you to think of what will become of you all before the Judgment-seat on the last day." This strange proceeding naturally gave rise to some considerable astonishment, and many of the congregation stood up to ascertain what was the matter. The pew-opener, however, was fortunately at hand, and he succeeded in quickly removing the cause of this unseemly disturbance. During her exit from the church the woman made use of some similar exclamations, but after her removal order was speedily restored, and the service proceeded without further interruption.

The Discovery at Eden Lodge.—Since our announcement, says the *Athenæum*, of the discovery at Eden Lodge, we have had further opportunities of seeing the letters. They are of very great interest. Among the confidential correspondents not named in our brief note of last week, we find the names of Archbishop Moore, Lord Shelburne, Dr. Priestly, Gibbon, Lord Malmesbury, Hugh Elliott, Minister of England at the Court of Frederick the Great, Jack Lee, Lord Grey, Lord Eldon, Duke of York. Many new *bon mots* of Selwyn are found in the papers. Mr. Elliott's letters from Berlin are most curious and important for the story of the court and times of Frederick the Great. Mr. Carlyle should see them. There is a work of six manuscript volumes, written by Mr. Eden, called "Notes on the French Revolution"; also numerous letters from Paris during the Reign of Terror. Mr. Eden was intimate with Maria Antoinette. The details about the struggle of 1782, between Pitt, Fox, North, and Shelburne, are extremely curious. Wedderburn's letters are excessively clever. Respecting the American war, we have the secret correspondence of Lord Suffolk's office, including intercepted letters of Frederick the Great, Franklin, Silas Dean, and many others. These letters are full of interesting details. They contain, in fact, something about everybody who was anybody.

Gerald Massey in the City Hall.—This young Englishman, who has created for himself a name in the political world, and who is one of the most gifted of the followers of Tennyson, delivered, on Wednesday evening, an interesting lecture on the character and wit of the late Thomas Hood, author of the Song of the Shirt, and much other literary matter, both grave and gay. Mr. Massey is apparently a young man of no book-wormish appearance, as he is fair and rosy, and has, along with poesy, been cultivating the hirsute graces with a success which promises well. Mr. Massey has raised himself, by the innate force of his own genius, from an obscure to a conspicuous position in society, and could therefore all the more highly appreciate Hood, who, being sad by nature, was compelled to be, as he himself said, "a lively Hood in order to obtain a livelihood." Mr. Massey's lecture was a very interesting one, and appeared to us to give a very just estimate of Hood, as well as to define with considerable acumen the difference between wit and humor. The style was easy and graceful, and the speaking effective, although a little monotonous. A second lecture, on an equally interesting subject, will be given by Mr. Massey on Monday evening.—*Glasgow Examiner.*

Newstead Abbey for Sale.—Newstead Abbey is for sale—it is to be disposed of under the hammer of Messrs. Pott and Neale at the Auction Mart, on the 13th of June next. "The abbey or domain of Newstead, freehold, and with small exception tithe-free; the manor of the lordship of Newstead, containing about 3,226 acres; of which the park, inclosed with a stone wall, occupies about 881 acres; the woods and plantations, within the park are 196 acres, and without the park about 618 acres, and stored with game of every description; and the extensive lakes, together about forty-eight acres, are well-stocked with fish, and abound with wildfowl." It is all to go—the venerable Abbey, as restored by the Byrons and by its recent possessor, Colonel Wildman, whose death has rendered the sale necessary; the gardens full of a thousand relics of the past—among others, the tomb of the poet's favorite dog "Boatswain," bearing the tenderest tribute ever paid by man to his faithful dumb friend; the plantation at the back with the twin elms bearing Byron's own name, cut with his own hand—for which Mr. Barnum once offered Colonel Wildman £500, and nearly got kicked off the premises in consequence.—*Critic.*

Mrs. Browning's Napoleonic Poems.—We like neither the opinions nor the manner in which they are conveyed. Like Miriam, Mrs. Browning stands before the men of war and proclaims the passage of Italian patriotism through the Red Sea of Magenta and Solferino; but unlike Miriam, her note is the note of the raven croaking over the slain, rather than the clear song of triumph celebrating the advent of a new-born liberty. Living as she does, in the very heart of Italian politics, opinions and interests, which to us seem very small, take with her gigantic proportions. Everything Italian is magnified in her eyes. So enthusiastic is she that she puts her faith in the purity of Louis Napoleon's motives, and believes that he came to Italy for no meaner motive than to set Italy free. He is a demigod in her eyes—this fortunate speculator, this shrewd and crafty politician, who shifts nationalities under treaties, as a man would peas under a thimble. She believes that he who has enslaved his own subjects, and holds them bound and gagged with a bayonet at their throats, is the savior of the world, the proclaimer of the gospel of liberty. She even curses her own country, because England refuses to take part in the plan by forging a still stronger fetter whilst she pretended to enfranchise the captive.—*Critic.*

Relic of the '45.—We believe that not many even of our townsmen are aware of a curious memorial in the churchyard here of the terrible doings of the Duke of Cumberland after the battle of Culloden. A few paces in advance of the west entrance of the High Church, two upright headstones may be seen, about twenty yards apart, on the top of one of which there is a groove on which a musket might rest. The other is rounded off, but has two flat spaces at the sides, which a man in a stooping posture could grasp. The tradition among old people here is that some of the soldiers in Prince Charles Edward's army, and several of the country people believed to have been implicated in the rebellion, were made to stoop at the latter stone by turns, with their back towards the river and churchyard dyke, and that a musketeer, taking aim from the other stone, shot the condemned man, who fell forward into a large grave previously dug for him and his comrades. A high flat tombstone has recently been placed between the two pillars, and now obscures the view of the one from the other; but there is no difficulty in finding them out, even if the sexton should not be in the burying ground when the stranger visits it. In the tower of the church, now under repair, may also be seen the ancient *pauper's coffin* of Inverness, the bottom of which was only secured by *hinges*, so that, on withdrawing a peg from it, the sad neglected remains of humanity fell out into a grave below, and the coffin was put aside for the next funeral. —*Inverness Courier.*

Women's Employment Extinguished.—Within the course of the last few years, two immense events have changed the lot of European women. Woman has only two grand trades to follow, *spinning* and *sewing*. The others (embroidery, flower-making, &c.) are hardly worth reckoning. Woman is a *spinster*, woman is a *seamstress*. That is her work in all ages; that is her universal history. Well, such is no longer the case; a change has lately taken place. Firstly, flax-spinning by machinery has suppressed the spinster. It is not her wages only that she has thereby lost, but a whole world of habitudes. The peasant woman used to spin as she attended to her children and her cottage cookery. She span at winter evening meetings. She span as she walked, grazing her cow or her sheep. The seamstress was the workwoman of towns. She worked at home, either continually or alternating her work with domestic duties. For any important undertaking, this state of things has ceased to exist. In the first place, prisons and convents offered a terrible competition with the isolated workwoman; and now, the sewing machine annihilates her. The increasing employment of these two machines, the cheapness and perfection of their work, will force their products into every market, in spite of every obstacle. There is nothing to be said against the machines, nothing to be done. Three grand inventions are, in the end, and in the totality of their effects, a benefit to the human race. But those effects are cruel during the moments of transition.—*Dickens's "All the Year Round."*

Hope for Penitent Runaway "Niggers."—We sometimes lament the departure of such men as Sydney Smith, who kept the world laughing at his odd and witty sayings. Facts, now-a-days, are more comical and droll than words. The King of Sardinia has just been excommunicated by the Pope, and a humane person has just opened a shop in America to aid runaway "niggers" to return to their loving masters. Let not our readers laugh, as if these things were fictions. They compose a part of the oddities of facts of these latter days. We have been wont to hear of the logic of facts; but facts have got confused and confounded, and men act the part of unreasoning brute beasts. In vain is a snare set in the sight of a bird, but the Americans have been imbruted below instinct, for they actually set a trap to catch negroes in the sight of all the world, though every one beside looks on the matter as a caricature on common sense. Yet it is true that a Mr. Brown has opened premises in Detroit, to "aid parties desirous of returning to their masters." A good part of the joke is that penitent "niggers" are to write to this said patriot, though it is well known that "niggers" are forbidden to learn either to read or write. He promises, however, to fulfil all his engagements with returning "niggers." Don't he wish he may catch a "nigger" awake? The runaways will care about as much for Brown's announcement as the King of Sardinia will care for the feeble thunders of the Vatican. Both Brown and the Pope would better shut their present shops, and try some more lawful calling.—*Glasgow Examiner.*

Advertisements.

Cough, Colds, Hoarseness and Influenza, Irritation, Soreness, or any affection of the Throat CURED, the Hacking Cough, in Consumption, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Catarrh, RELIEVED, by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or Cough Lozenges.

"A simple and elegant combination for Coughs," &c. Dr. G. F. Bigelow, Boston.

"Great service in subduing Hoarseness." Rev. Daniel Wise.

"I recommend their use to Public Speakers." Rev. E. H. Chapin, New York.

"That trouble in my throat (for which the 'Troches' is a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer." N. P. Willis.

"Most salutary relief in Bronchitis." Rev. S. Seigfried, Morristown, Ohio.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from Cold." Rev. S. J. P. Anderson, St. Louis.

"Effectual in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with Speakers and Singers." Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga., Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, as they prevent Hoarseness. From their past effect, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me." Rev. E. Rowley, A.M., President Athens College, Tenn.

Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

Also, Brown's Laxative Troches, or Cathartic Lozenges, for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Headaches, Bilious Affections, &c.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE.

WHO WRITES FOR IT?

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR AND SEE.

OFFICE 505 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

HELPER'S "IMPENDING CRISIS" of the SOUTH can be had, Wholesale and Retail, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 832 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, by James Redpath, with an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. For sale at the Anti Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

CARD.—ANNA M. LONGSHORE POTTS, M. D., Practising Physician, No. 601 North-Tenth street, Philadelphia, Pa. All cases in Medicine and Surgery treated with the most approved remedies, and most modern aids and appliances known to the science. Especial attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of women and children.

FURNITURE.—Purchasers are respectfully invited to call at the Cabinet Warerooms of Schott & Heacock No. 142 North Ninth street, below Race, Philadelphia. Spring and Hair Mattresses made to order. Repairing, Varnishing, Upholstering, &c., &c. All orders promptly attended to.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 162 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks; Carpet Bags, Valises, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, Hobbs included.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices. English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper. Visiting and Wedding Cards, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c., Envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1000, *Mercantile Firms, Insurance Co., Banks, &c.*, furnished with Blank Books, to order of the best materials and workmanship.
CLOTHIER & FEDRICK,
72 N. Fourth street, below Arch street.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
GEORGE W. TAYLOR.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing Store No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia, made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all must buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the Crescent! in Market, above 6th, No. 200, Phila.
JONES & CO.